

12
NEW
LETTERS
OF

Mr ALEXANDER POPE,

And Several of his FRIENDS.

VELLEM NESCIRE LITTERAS!

*Cum desiderio Veteres, Revocamus Amores;
atque olim missas, stemus Amicitias.*



LONDON:
Printed, Anno Reformationis, 1737.

NEW
LETTERS

8. 47.

OF
MR. ALEXANDER POPE

And Several of his Friends.

WILLIAM WILKINS, F.R.S.
Cantabrigie, Veneris, Rectoris Amoris;
atque totius miffis, fennis Amicitia.



LONDON:

Printed, near Roperman's, 1727.

12

Mr. P O P E's
Literary Correspondence.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

With L E T T E R S of

Lord BOLINGBROKE. || Mrs. ELIZA JUSTICE.
Lord LANSDOWNE. || WILLIAM BROMLEY, Esq;
Sir SAMUEL GARTH. || PIECES of Mr. WALSH.



L O N D O N :

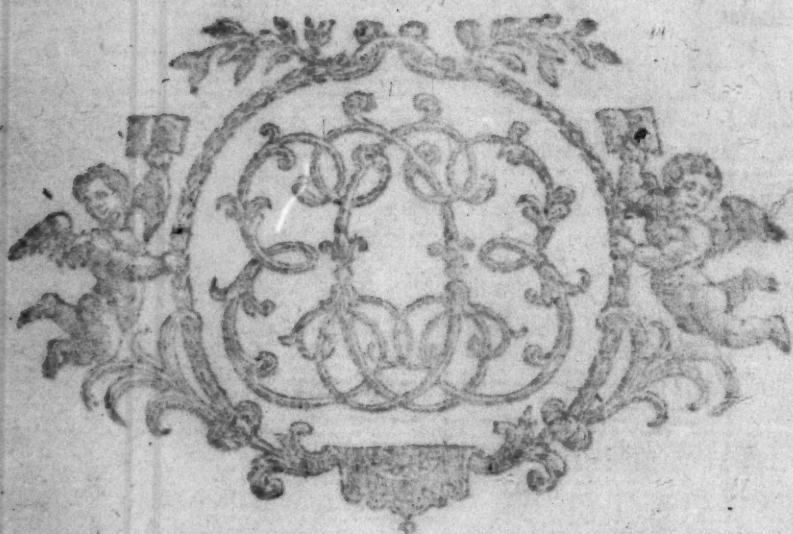
Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's Head*, in *Rose-Street*
Covent-Garden. M.DCC.XXXVII.

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TO MY
SUBSCRIBERS
encore.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING, as you All know, honestly Purchased the First Volume of Mr. POPE's Literary Correspondence of his Agent the Reverend Mr. Smith; Published and paid my Respects to my BENEFACTOR in the Second; Dispatched BROCADE and TIM LANCET in the Third; and, Got rid of the SHIFTERS in the Fourth; I now come to give you a just Account of the Contents of this Fifth Volume.

Beside, what is here presented to You, I have Several other very valuable

ii DEDICATION.

able Originals in my Custody, which, with these, were Transmitted to me from Ireland. And this Volume will be closed with whatever additional Letters Mr. POPE shall think fit to insert in his WORKS in PROSE, now printing in Quarto, Price a Guinea; but the Controversy between ME and Mr. POPE will never be ended till the Eyes of one of Us are closed (I mean by Death, not by Dr. Taylor) if Mine are open longest, to the last Volume of Literary Correspondence shall be prefixed *A faithful Account of Mr. POPE's Life and Writings, with a true Copy of his Last Will and Testament, if he makes one.*

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obliged

Humble Servant,

E. CURLL

5 Nov.
1736.

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ORIGINAL
LETTERS.

*Mr. POPE to Dean SWIFT.**

Dear Sir,

 Find a Rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extreamly. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my Friend GAY's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to

* Written in the Year, 1723.

B

take

2 *Mr. POPE to Dean SWIFT.*

take his kindly, gives me Hopes you will look upon this as a sincere Effect of Friendship: Indeed, as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given) a Surfeit of Writing, so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a Possession you could not imagine needed any farther Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

It is an honest Truth, there is no one living or dead of whom I think oftner or better than yourself. I look upon you to be (as to me) in a State between both; you have from me, all the Passions and good Wishes that can attend the Living, and all that Respect and tender Sense of Loss that we feel for the Dead. Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate State, at this Distance, and
in

in this Absence, Dean SWIFT lives still in *England*, in every Place and Company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts, in which I would have any Share.

We have never met these many Years without mention of you; besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my Friends of a later Date, are such as were yours before, Lord OXFORD, Lord HARCOURT, and Lord HARLEY, may look upon me as one intailed upon them by you. Lord BOLINGBROKE is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary-Rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his Heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill Fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I have most lived, must be Banished! after both of you left *England*, my constant

HOPE was the Bishop of ROCHESTER; sure this is a Nation that is curiously afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the Expence of another: I tremble for my Lord PETERBOROUGH (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General; and if he escapes being Banished by others, I fear he will Banish himself. This leads me to give you some Account of my Manner of Life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions, a Glut of Study and Retirement, in the first Part of my Life, cast me into This; and This I begin to see will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any Party;

Party; but at the same time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at, any; I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The Merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the World pretty indifferent to me, and yet I have acquired a Quietness of Mind which by Fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish That World well: My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the Warmth I felt for the old is diminished: Aversions I have none but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and those I cannot be commonly civil to, for I think those next to Knaves who converse with them; the greatest Man in Power, of this Sort, shall hardly make me Bow to him, unless I had a personal Obligation to him,

and that I will take care not to have. The top Pleasure of my Life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the Freedoms of Friendship with Men much my Superiors. To have pleased great Men, according to *Horace*, is a Praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not to have displeased, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where by chance I have found a Modest one; by these Means I have had no Quarrels with any personally; and none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Ecclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never related, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing any thing of the Matter: There are very few Things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have, would be to pass my Days with you; and a few such as you: But Fate
has

Mr. POPE to Dean SWIFT. 7

has dispersed them all about the World,
and I find to wish it, is as vain, as
to wish to live to see the Millennium,
and the Kingdom of the Just upon
Earth.

If I have sinned in my long Silence,
consider there is one to whom you
yourself have been as great a Sinner;
as often as you see his Hand you will
learn to do me Justice, and feel in
your Heart, how long a Man may be
silent to those he truly loves and re-
spects.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever faithful Servant,

A. POPE.



Lord BOLINGBROKE

TO
Dean S W I F T.*

I Am not so lazy as POPE, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own Cause he pleads yours; and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge; you will do the same on your Part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great Justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-Keepers in *Holland*, who were at the

* This seems to be written by way of *Postscript* to Mr. Pope's Letter.

same

same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not stand to the Award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it; but Annual-Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it; and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one Word to you about myself (since it is a Subject on which you appear to have no Curiosity) was it not to try, how far the Contrast between POPE'S Fortune and Manner of Life, and Mine may be carried.

I have been then infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; that Love which I used to scatter with some Profusion, among the whole Female Kind, has been these many Years devoted to One Object;

GO *Ld.* BOLINGBROKE to *Dean* SWIFT.

Object; a great many Misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a Retirement from the World, have made that just and nice Discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom Sagacity enough to make for Ourselves; those Insects of various Hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the Sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the Shade. No Man comes to a Hermitage but for the Sake of the Hermit; a few Philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull Climate and duller Company have not altered you extreamly from what you was nine Years ago.

The hoarse Voice of Party was never heard in this quiet Place*; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of ISAAC

* DAWLEY.

BICKERSTAFF

BICKERSTAFF are admitted, this Distinction is owing to some Strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher, had (like the *Indian Fohu*, the *Grecian PYTHAGORAS*, the *Persian ZOROASTER*, and others his Precursors among the *Arabians*, *Magians*, and the *Egyptian SERES*) both his Outward and his Inward Doctrine, and that he was of no Side at the Bottom ———
When I am there, I forget I was ever of any Party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted Reason of Things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such Monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing Dream by the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, by *GUICCIARDIN*, by *MACHIAVEL*, and by *THUANUS*; for I have vowed to read no History of Our own Country, till that Body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am

I am under no apprehensions that a Glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the Hurry of the World; on the contrary, the single Regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this Course of Life: My Philosophy grows confirmed by Habit, and if you and I meet again I will extort this Approbation from you, I am *consilio bonus, sed more eo productus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nil non recte facere non possim.* The little Incivilities I have met with from opposite Sets of People, have been so far from rendring me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my Fears, by shewing me how impotent the Malice of the World is; others have cured me of my Hopes, by shewing how precarious popular Friendships are; all have cured me of Surprise; in driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of cursed Company;

Company; and in stripping me of Titles, and Rank, and Estate, and such Trinkets, which every Man that will may spare, they have given me that which no Man can be happy without.

Reflection and Habit have rendred the World so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal Friendships interest me in the Affairs of it, and this Principle extends my Cares but a little Way: Perfect Tranquility is the general Tenour of my Life; good Digestions, serene Weather, and some other mechanic Springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained New Friends, and have lost some Old ones; my Acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of Pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no Vows so solemn as those of Friendship, and therefore a pretty

14 *Ld. BOLINGBROKE to Dean SWIFT.*

pretty long noviciate of Acquaintance should methinks precede them; my Losses of this kind give me but little Trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a Friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few Days) I shall fall back into that Course of Life, which keeps Knaves and Fools at a great distance from me; I have an Aversion to them Both, but in the ordinary Course of Life I think I can bear the sensible Knave better than the Fool: One must indeed with the former be in some, or other, of the Attitudes of those Wooden Men whom I have seen before a Sword-Cutler's Shop in Germany, but even in these constrained Postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an Obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another Coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my Guard as the Knave,
and

Ld. BOLINGBROKE to Dean SWIFT. 15
and he makes me no amends; he numbs
me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like
the Fly. This is the Picture of an old
Friend, and more like him than that
will be which you once asked, and
which he will send you, if you continue
still to desire it—Adieu, dear SWIFT
with all thy Faults I love Thee intirely,
make an Effort, and love me on with
all mine.

BOLINGBROKE.





ALMAHIDE.

ODE.

By HENRY SAINT-JOHN, *Esq*; *.

I.

LONG have I wander'd from the *Muse's* Seat,
Where, ever present to the Poet's Eyes,
A thousand grateful Objects rise,
Where all is gay, and all is sweet.
Where, when past Images we find,
By Memory with these combin'd,
She from her Store of fading Sense can move,
And frame no Fancy but of Joy and Love.

* An incorrect Copy of this Poem was published in the Year 1701.

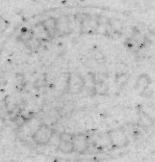
Where



HENRY L^d VIC^t BOLINGBROKE.

Murray Pinx. 1714.

Parr Sculp



Where ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace resides,
The sacred Temple where *Apollo* hides,
From the profane and vulgar Eyes,

His awful Mysteries.
This blooming Garden of the *Delian* God
Long since I left, new Paths to try;
On rough uneven Ground I trod;
And sought the gloomy dark Abode
Of Wisdom and Philosophy.

From hence escap'd with Joy to Thee I come;
Thee I revisit now, my native Home.

That Magic Land no more I'll tread,
Nor drink of those Lethargic Streams,
That with their Poison taint the Blood,
And stop the sprightly Purple Flood;
That upward to the sickly Head
Send lazy Vapours, idle Dreams.

Again I'll taste of the Prophetic Rill,
Which rises fast by the *Pierian* Hill.

Phœbus all other Nymphs forsook,

To chace *Castalia*, young and fair,

To bathe in her delightful Waves,

All other Waters now he leaves,

He loosens here his golden Hair,

And plunges in the lucid Brook.

Once the coy Maid refus'd the Grace,
And would not suffer his Divine Embrace,

Now wiser grown, no more she'll fly,
But clasps the God, and hugs the naked Deity.

III.

As Mariners their Canvas Wings distend,
 Leaving the Pole, to ev'ry Northern Blast;
 Southward their Courses bend,
 And th' Artic Circle past,
 The Temp'rate Zone with Pleasure meet;
 With Pleasure feel the glowing Heat,
 And as they nearer to him run,
 Salute the long abandon'd Sun.

Thus from the frozen Skies,
 Where once benumb'd she lay,
 My Muse to milder Regions flies,
 And to *Parnassus* wings her Way.

IV.

Methinks already in my Heart,
 I feel a secret Warmth arise,
 Which thence diffus'd to ev'ry vital Part,
 Glows in my Face, and sparkles in my Eyes.
 I see the Summit of the Hill,
 With Spires of Glory crown'd;
 And nearer now I see the Mound,
 Such was *Apollo's* Will,
 Rais'd by the Muses to keep off the Croud
 Of thronging Poets, insolent and loud.
 Wretches, whom tho' he daigns not to inspire,
 Would yet be plac'd among the Golden Choir.

V. Here

IV.

Here *Garth* appears, to whom consign'd
 The double Charge of Health and Wit we find.
Apollo, griev'd to see his Arts disgrac'd,
 Physic and Poetry at once debas'd;
 Their sacred Ends for public Good design'd,
 Perverted to destroy and plague Mankind,

To *Garth* the double Charge imparts,
 Of living Verse, and healing Arts.

Him when the God resolv'd to send,
 He bid *Hygiëa* on his Steps attend.

Bid ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace prepare,

To warm the Bard with all their Fires,

To join his Song with all their Lyres,

And make his matchless Poem * all their Care.

VI.

But now arriv'd I mount the sacred Hill,

And Joy and Rapture all my Senses fill.

My melancholy Thoughts retire apace,

And fly like Dæmons from the Place.

I feel, I feel the God return,

He takes Possession of my Breast,

And I with all his Fury burn.

Again I feel the pleasing Smart;

Love fills his ancient Throne, my Heart;

A charming Tyrant, and a welcome Guest.

* The DISPENSARY.

VII.

I know ye well, ye silent Groves,
 Conscious of my secret Loves:
 Tell me how often have I found,
 Beneath your gentle Shade,
 In pensive Act upon the Ground,
 The mournful STREPHON * laid.
 STREPHON, the Glory of our *British* Plains,
 The Wish of all the Nymphs, and Envy of the
 Swains.
 How often have I heard his charming Voice;
 Thro' all the neighb'ring Hills resound,
 And to repeat the Heav'nly Notes rejoice.
 With † *Myra* he begins his Lays,
 And ends 'em all in *Myra's* Praise;
 Nothing but *Myra* dwells upon his Tongue,
 Charm of his Heart, and Subject of his Song.
 Her Beauty and the Verse alike succeed,
 Nor can Oblivion fear;
 For after Ages shall with Rapture read,
 What we with Rapture hear.
 The pow'rful Lute on which the *Thracian* play'd,
 Was by the Muses to the Skies convey'd;
 One more bright Star shall in the Field appear,
 And *Granville's* Pen adorn the glitt'ring Sphere.

* *George Granville, Esq; late Lord Lansdowne.*

† *The Countess of Newburgh.*

VIII.

But soft, I hear
 The sounding Lyre;
 And see the God is near,
 And all the tuneful Choir,
 I've reach'd the tow'ring Height,
 'Tis here the *Muses* stay;
 From hence I'll take my Flight,
 And wing my airy Way.
 Aloft my Muse and I will go,
 She scorns to aim at little Things,
 At Heroes or at Kings,
 She cannot stoop so low.
 To *Almabide* address thy Song,
 It does of Right to her belong.
 Soar like the *Theban* Swan on high,
 Nor be afraid to venture nigh
 The flaming Region of the Sky.

IX.

Go on, my Muse, go on;
 Boldly approach the Sun;
 And from his Chariot Wheel
 Attempt to steal
 The sacred Fire
 That does the Gods inspire.
 Then may'st thou in Immortal Lays
 A more than Mortal Beauty praise.

Or should thy melting Pinions fail,
 And I precipitate descend;
 Should my unlucky Stars prevail,
 And give my Days this fatal End;
 Yet in the Monuments of Fame
 I shall secure a lasting Name;
 And to have dare'd a Thing so great,
 Will place me far above the Pow'r of Fate,
 Then when I draw my latest Breath,
 Should *Almabide* vouchsafe to smile,
 That would compensate for my Death,
 And more than pay me for my Toil,

X.

Stay, foolish Muse, thy Hurry stay,
 Where will thy Madness run?
 To *Almabide* direct thy Way,
 And seek no other Sun.
 'Tis she supplies,
 With brighter Eyes,
 The Distance of the God of Day.
 When they are shut, in *Britain* then 'tis Night,
 And we eternal Darkness fear,
 But when the radiant Balls appear,
 We feel their Warmth, and bless the rising Light,
 Thus shall my Theme my Song inspire,
 And heat my Breast with double Fire;
 And thus my humble Genius raise
 High as the Beauty that I praise,

Thus

Thus be my Want of Strength supply'd,
Thus may she grant what Nature has deny'd,
I ask no Inspiration but from *Almahide*.

XI.

In the World's early Days,
When first *Religion* did appear;
Religion, which has cost Mankind so dear;
When Men began to raise
Gods to themselves, and then those *Gods* to fear,
Chose various *Lords*, and tir'd of being free,
Of ev'ry *Virtue* fram'd a *Deity*:

Had *Almahide* been known,

Had she been born to shine,

They had ador'd no other Shrine,
All these Perfections are in Her combin'd,
The Fom of *Venus* and *Diana's* Mind.
Her Rays a Lustre like the Sun's dispence,
And shed on all a bounteous Influence.

A cruel Glance from those fair Eyes,

A Word by her in Anger spoke,

Gives more Alarms,

Than *Jove* in Arms,

And swifter than his Light'ning flies,

And surer than his Stroke.

Only below she could not dwell,

Or Hell would be no longer Hell.

At her Approach the Realms of Woe

Would change their horrid Face;

The burning Flood forget to flow,

And Furies fly the Place.

XII.

And see ! the lovely Form appear,
Before my ravish'd Eyes !

Close to yon Chrystal Stream the *Charmer* lies.

Behold her, *Swains*, behold her there ;

Impending Branches shield the Fair,

And Beds of *Camomile* the Beauteous Burthen bear.

See, how reclining on the Grass,

In this clear Brook, her faithful Glass,

First she collects her scatter'd Hair,

Then in Tresses,

As she dresses,

Places ev'ry Flow'r that's gay,

Places all the Pride of *May*,

Not to adorn, but to compare.

In vain with Her's their brightest Colours vie,

The blushing *Rose*

Its Weakness knows,

And vanquish'd *Lillies* own her Victory.

Nor raises she her Head, but downward bent,

Approves their Form, and smiling seems content.

Observe the Troops of Loves

That swarm about the Groves,

Lean on their Wings, and hanging in the Air,

Mistake the Nymph, and think their Mother there.

XIII. Gently

XIII.

Gently, sweet *Zephyr*, gently blow,
And make th' injurious Mantle rise,
And wound our Hearts and please our Eyes.
Unveil the Nymph, dear Wind remove
Those Clouds that hide this World of Love,
And see the friendly Breeze obeys,
Saluting he betrays.

O! give her Slave to know,
That Sea of Milk, those Hills of Snow,
And all the blissful Vales of Joy below.

He would, but can no more disclose:

Resisting Robes oppose:

The thousand Folds of that invidious Vest,
Inshrine their Treasure, and our Sight arrest.

Corporeal Eyes no farther reach;

But Fancy is not thus confin'd;

Fancy can enter thro' the smallest Breach,
And thro' the subtle Plaits a Passage find.

Thus having pierc'd the Screen,

Fancy relates what she has seen,
And tires the Soul while she instructs the Mind.

XIV.

Thus we, fond Wretches, court our Fate,
And when the pointed Darts,
Increase the Pains we might abate,
And plunge 'em in our Hearts.

26 *ALMAHIDE.*

In vain we hope to find a Cure,
 No Remedy is nigh;
 Without Relief we must endure,
 And without Pity die.
 Fair *Almahide* gives Love to All,
 All that dare look her Victims fall;
 But she herself Receives from None,
 Or what's the same to Me, from One;
 One happy Man that dwells within those Arms,
 Tastes all her Joys, and rifles all her Charms.
 While dying Crouds of Lovers stand,
 And look, and gaze, and wish to share;
 But Virtue with her Magic Wand,
 Encircles round the Happy Pair.
 Thus when the *Moon on Larian-Latmus* lay*,
 And rapt in Pleasure laugh'd her Hours away,
 Her Beauty and her Light to all Mankind,
 Without Distinction shin'd,
 But to *Endymion* was her Love confin'd †.

* The last *Thought*, and the last *Line*, are taken from Lord *Lansdowne*. I think myself obliged to own the *Debt*, tho' I am unable to pay it.

† Alluding to the Story of *Diana* and *Endymion*.





Dawley-FARM,
THE
RETIREMENT
OF
Lord BOLINGBROKE.

TIS sung, that, exil'd by Tyrannic *Jove*,
Apollo, from the starry Realms above,
To Sylvan Shades, to Grotts and Streams retir'd,
And that new Scene and that new State admir'd;
Admir'd, but found (with Pleasure and Surprize)
Himself the same on Earth as in the Skies;
A simple Majesty, an easy Grace
Compos'd his Steps, and lighten'd in his Face;
The wond'ring Swains and Nymphs, where'er he trod,
At Distance gaz'd, and recogniz'd the God;
Where'er he pass'd, the World, his Influence knew
And Learning, Arts, and Wisdom round him grew,

Still,

Still, tho' in silent Privacy, he gave,
 His wonted Aid; inspired the Wife and Brave;
 Taught Patriots Policy; taught Poets Sense;
 And bade all live, or die, in LIBERTY'S Defence.

Sure this is verif'd: What here we view
 In BOLINGBROKE has made the Fiction true.

See! Emblem of Himself, his *Villa* stand!
 Politely finish'd, regularly Grand!
 Frugal of Ornament, but That the best,
 And all with curious Negligence express'd.
 No gaudy Colours stain the Rural Hall,
 Blank Light and Shade discriminate the Wall;
 Where thro' the whole we see his lov'd Design,
 To please with Mildness, without Glaring shine;
 Himself neglects what must all others charm,
 And what he built a *Palace* calls a *Farm*.

Here the proud Trophies, and the Spoils of War
 Yield to the Scythe, the Harrow and the Car;
 To whate'er Implement the Rustic wields,
 Whate'er manures the Gardens or the Fields.
 Contrast of Scenes! Behold a worthless Tool,
 A dubb'd Plebeian, Fortune's Fav'rite Fool,
 Laden with Public Plunder loll in State,
 'Midst dazzling Gems, and Piles of Massy Plate,
 'Midst Arms, and Kings, and Gods and Heroes
 quaff,

His Wit all ending in an Ideot-Laugh,
 Whilst noble *Saint-John* in his sweet Recess,
 (*By those made greater who would make him less*)

Sees,

Sees, on the figur'd Wall, the Stacks of Corn
 With Beauty more than theirs the Room adorn,
 Young winged *Cupids* smiling guide the Plow,
 And Peasants elegantly reap and sow,
 The *Mantuan* Genius, thus, in rural Strains,
 Adds Grace to Cots, and Dignity to Swains,
 Makes *Phæbus*' self partake the Farmer's Toil,
 And all the Muses cultivate the Soil.
 While free of Heart, and eloquent of Tongue,
 His Speech as tuneful as that Heav'nly Song,
 Suspends in Rapture each attentive Guest;
 Words more delicious than his gen'rous Feast;
 Wit more inspiring than his flowing Bowl;
 "The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul."

O *Britain*! --- But 'tis past --- O lost to Fame!
 The wond'rous Man, thy Glory, and thy Shame,
 Conversing with the mighty Minds of Old,
 Names like his Own, in Time's bright List inroll'd,
 Here splendidly obscure, delighted lives,
 And only for his wretched Country grieves.
 While Thou, ingrate, infatuate, as thou art,
 Of thy mad Conduct long shalt feel the Smart,
 Long mourn the Folly which thy Weal destroys,
 And rue the blest Retirement he enjoys.



LETTERS

O F
Doctor GARTH.

To Lady RANELAGH at Bath. O

Madam,

I Hope the Waters agree very well with her Highness*, and I wish they may answer all the Intents they are taken for; and that they may not only confirm her Highness's Health, but that the whole Nation may be blest with the Fruits of it in contributing to the increase of the *Royal-Line*, which will be of much more advantage to

* Princess ANNE of Denmark.

these

Dr. GARTH to Lady RANELAGH. 31

these Kingdoms, than extending our *Line in Flanders*: For there, we may have sufficient Encouragement to look after Ourselves, and not after the Security of Strangers. Here is nothing at all of News, neither that *Dunkirk* is taken, nor *Namure* besieged. So that I suppose the Army is in very good Health, for I hear nothing to the contrary, and considering how great an Army we have, it is as much as can be expected that they take care of their Healths. This is all the News from Abroad; and as for the News at Home, the only is, that the Queen sent into the City to borrow 200,000 *l.* upon the Security of a Vote, the Parliament made, that if the *Poll-Bill* did not arise to 1,200,000 *l.* they would make it up, some other way, the next Session. I am very glad the City has that good Opinion of the House of Commons, as to think they will not alter their Opinions. Another piece of News is, that a young Lady hanged herself

32 *Dr. GARTH to Lady RANELAGH.*

herself for Love, in *Leicester-Fields*.
I suppose she was really in Love; and,
perhaps, the first that ever was so: I
wish the City had as good a Security
for their Money, as she has given for
her Love. I am, Madam,

Yours, &c.

S. GARTH.

LONDON,

Sept 6, 1692.

To Lady RANELAGH.

Madam,

I Am very sorry, that the Waters,
that have workt Wonders, as they
say, upon all People, who have drank
them this Year, should disagree with
your Ladyship; I could find in my
Heart to send some People who are
very sick thither; and then, I am
sure, I shall ruin their Reputation; or
else send some four, consumptive Fa-
natic,

natic, that has a Constitution as stubborn and untoward as his Principles; and if He should chance to miscarry, They will call them *Jacobite-Waters*; and if they should once get that Name, it would clear you from a great deal of troublesome Company, who have a Mind signally to distinguish themselves from the rest: And the Truth of it is, 'tis but reasonable there should be a Distinction made in a Place that is the Rendevous of all the *Leprous*. We are here something surprized at the News that the Mayor of *Bath* was ordered by my Lord *Nottingham*, not to wait upon the Princess to Church, because he was the Queen's Officer. I am very glad her Highness does not bathe in the *Queen's Bath*, for then, may be, the Secretary might have forbid that too. I do not know what can be done next, without they disarm the Duke of *Gloster*, because he has got a Sword, and is huzzaed into the House. I am informed of a great ma-

34 *Dr. GARTH to Lady RANELAGH.*

ny Ladies that will not pay the respect that is due to her Highness, and as they will pay no Visits, so it would have been much better, if they did not receive Visits from others; I shall take care, for the future, to prescribe them Husbands instead of Gallants, to go along with them. I hope my Lady A***** has given you no reason to be jealous: I knew her before she married a Fool in *Oxfordshire*, and her own Men Servants knew her there, to much better purpose; only once their Service was a little too hot for them. I find that those who are *Jilts* would be thought for the Government, and considering how we have been *jilted*, they may well claim a Pretension to it; I wish they had behaved themselves sincerely toward it; and then they need not have been unmannerly to shew their Affection to it. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

LONDON,
Sept. 13, 1692.

S. GARTH.



The Honourable

GEORGE GRANVILLE, Esq;

T O

Mr. BURNABY.

YOU enquire, my Friend, whether you should shew your Comedy*, to your Acquaintance before its Representation? I answer in the Negative; which I shall confirm by the following Reasons.

The Reputation a Poet obtains from the public Applause, is not altogether imaginary; for the Number of those who are not influenced by it, is so very small, that he is out of fear of Danger from them. Nay, those very Men,

* The LADY'S VISITING-DAY. He has likewise wrote Three other Comedies, 1. Love Betray'd. or, The Agreeable Disappointment. 2. The Modish Husband. 3. The Reform'd Wife.

who on a private Perusal of some Plays, entertained but an indifferent Opinion of them, fondly debauched by their Success, run their Approbation up to Bigotry; never reflecting that as a Man's Name often subserves to his public Reception, without regard to his Performance; so the Gracefulness of the Action, and the Pomp of the Theatre, joined to the injudicious Claps of the Audience, as often give the greatest Applause to the worst Plays; and for a while preserve the general Esteem of the Town. For when once a Play has got That on its Side, a great many Men of Sense rather swim down than stem the Tide, or oppose the Vogue at the Expence of the Imputation of Singularity. This is evident from some late Plays (I had almost said Farces) against which the best Critics declared in vain.

But before the Action, a moderate Character of a Play, from a Man of tolerable

tolerable Sense, shall by his parsimonious Praise, damn it, tho' ever so meritorious; for the Judgment of the Audience being not yet past in its Favour, the Town is ready to take the first Impressions from any Man, whose plausible Assurance has got him the Reputation of a Critic; because People hope by falling in with his Censure, to give a sufficient Proof of their Understandings. A Poet therefore in submitting his Play, before Action, to a Perusal, runs as many hazards, as he confides it to Men who want either Candour or Judgment; and among those that the vulgar Voice has allowed Wits, a Man with such Qualifications is not very easy to be found. One of these Wits always over-values himself; and believing that he is Master of a great deal of Sense, when his *Portion*, perhaps, but just *seasons* him from *Fool*; and so only finishes a *Coxcomb*, who thinks the only way to establish himself a Wit, is by finding Fault.

38 *Mr. GRANVILLE to Mr. BURNABY.*

And the Town, which is not over-nice, in distinguishing betwixt Merit and Pretence, is often imposed on by the Coxcomb, it mistakes for a Man of Sense; and byass'd by the general Malice of Mankind (that inclines most Men rather to believe Ill than Good of another) it strikes in with his injudicious as well as unjust Censures.

There is another sort of *Wits* (though of somewhat a higher Class) whom a small Stock of Learning, and the Flattery of some of their Acquaintance, has confirmed in the Self-opinion of being good Critics, and with these the Poet yet runs a greater Risque; for it is impossible to please them with any thing Modern, except their Own. These Critics have a very contemptible Opinion of the Age they live in, and think Fortune extremely severe in not casting them into the Times of *Euripides*, *Horace*, or it may be *Shakespeare*; and they are angry with Providence for
planting

planting them so far *Northward*, who might have made a Figure in a more *Southerly* Clime, among the first-Rate Wits of old *Greece* and *Italy*. They think so meanly of all they know, that they would sooner admire a Scribler they never saw, than a Man of the best Sense of their own Acquaintance. They censure the Wit by the Countenance; and the Man whose *Face* they are disgusted with, must never hope to please them with his *Understanding*. If ever they happen to think well of any Man's Wit for a while, (for their good Opinion of any one is of a very short duration) it is when they meet with one as ill-natured and vain as themselves; then their Spleen at the Merits of others, being gratified with Railing, blinds them to a Momentary Satisfaction in the Defamer; but that being over, their native Pride returns, and they look down on him too; for all their Talent and Time is expended in speaking well of them-

40 *Mr. GRANVILLE to Mr. BURNABY.*

selves and their own Writings, and ill of every body else: But then the World is often even with them, for they generally are pleased with themselves without a Rival.

Indeed, there is often a Magisterial Pride and ill Nature in Men of a great deal of Wit and Learning, which almost overthrows all their Merit, or at least makes one angry to find things so valuable in such ill Hands; for when Praise, or Success, has once debauched a Man's Judgment into *Opiniatre*, he is but a Fool of his own making, ten times more intolerable than a Fool of God's making.

Again, there are some who are but lately established Wits by a lucky Hit, and hope to keep up that Character by depressing others, or damning what they write, with faint and affected Praise. These are for keeping Fame *Chaste*, (though themselves are an Instance

stance of her *Prostitution*) that is, for their own use only; never reflecting, that she, like those of whose Sex she is painted, is capable of satisfying more than One; nay, that like a pretty Woman, it is almost impossible to keep her to one's self. These particularly avoid, for their recent Success makes their Pride more lively, and their Apprehension of any Rival more strong.

Mr. *Wycherley's* Couplet reaches abundance of our current Wits, or Critics,

Those who write ill, and those who ne'er durst write,
Turn Critics out of meer Revenge and Spite.

Yet all these have it in their Power, to do a great deal of Mischief to a Poet who is so bold, as to venture his Reputation in their Hands; because the undiscerning Town never reflects, that as a *Critic* is the last Refuge of a Pretender to Wit, so he that is full only of the Faults of an Author, is
less

less deserving, even of that Name, than he who sometimes rises up to a Taste of his Excellencies. Nor does the Town consider, that a great many Men have no other way of keeping within the Pale of *Wit*, but by excluding those who are only capable of excluding them.

There are another sort of Men who pass for Wits with the Town, that are far from being so; and these are your *Laughers*, *merry Rogues*, who have a mortal Aversion to Thought; and as they laugh at every Thing, even what they say themselves, it is not to be expected they should spare the most serious Performance.

Lastly, The Judgment most Men make of Books, is generally very erroneous in judging the Performance by the Author, not the Author by the Performance; if a Man, through Inexperience, or any accidental Misfortune,

tune, have the ill luck not to please in one thing, some will by no means allow him a Capacity of pleasing at all. Though Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wycherley*, Mr. *Otway*, and every eminent Poet, have been Proofs of the contrary; while some, successful to a Wonder, in their first Attempts, have mouldred away, and dwindled in a little time to less than the Shadow of those mighty Men their first setting-out promised. And, indeed, popular Applause is too common a Test of the Writer's Merit, of which the best Poets have complained both in *Greece* and *Rome*. *Petronius Arbiter*, in the Person of *Eumolpus*, gives it as an Observation in his Time.

Ego inquit Poeta sum, & ut spero non humillimi spiritus: Si modo coronis aliquid credendum est, quas etiam ad Imperitos deferre Gratia solet.

The

The Ignorant, as well as the Learned, share the Applauses of the Town; and there has scarce appeared a Scribler so despicable in Reality, as not to have been, some time or other, the Favourite of a Day.

These, and many more Hazards a Man runs, who has the Assurance to consult those we generally call Friends, before the Representation; and the Fortune of a Poem, and that of a Man meet with the same Measure. When a Poem, by the public Reception, is past needing particular Approbations, the Wits are lavish of their Praise; but when their Approbation might establish its public Reception, they are very scrupulous of bestowing it. The Benefit therefore, that you expect by it, being small and uncertain; the Damage so apparent, and considerable; I think it safer to come to the Public with all one's Faults, than by false Hope of mending

Mr. GRANVILLE to Mr. BURNABY. 45

mending them by Advice, have them turned to the ruin of the whole Poem: and having given you my Judgment, you may, as Men generally do, follow your own Fancy. It is enough I have endeavoured to serve you, and to prove that I am what I pretend,

Your faithful Friend,

WHITEHALL,
28 May, 1700.

GEO. GRANVILLE.

P. S. I send you our Old Friend's excellent Epigram, *In celeberrimum Joannem Dryden, CHAUCERI Sepulchro Intectum.*

SUaviter hic longo dormi defuncte labore,
Dum jungit socios una Caverna sinus;
Dumq; tuas canimus laudes, hæc accipe blanda
Mente, minor Vatum quæ tibi turba damus.
GALFRIDI exuvias quæ prisca incluferat olim
Hospite lætetur Nobilis Urna novo:
DRYDENI cineres terrâ hac capiente repôstos,
CHAUCERUS tumulo splendidior jacet:
O par foelices! hac quis mercede recuset
Unâ vobiscum concubuisse, Mori?

BEVILL HIGGONS.

LETTERS

T O.

Captain CONDUIT.

S I R,

PETERSBURG,
Jan. 14, 1734.

I Have now passed a Winter and a Summer here; the latter is much the best. I was so contracted together in the Winter, that I was, in a manner, Dead with Cold, and fit for nothing but to be Dissected. Often am I put in Mind of the wide difference between *Petersburg*, and old *England*, not only on Account of its Coldness, but Unpoliteness; for I well remember how my Dear *Mamma* used to give Orders to our Servants to keep a thorough Silence in the House till I was awake in a Morning, and when that News was brought her, with what an endearing tenderness did she enquire after my Health? But
here

here the *Russian* Bear-Brutes with their Heels and their Tongues, make as loud a Din up and down Stairs, before we are stirring, as there is at Drury Lane after the Play is over. Such is the fervile Politeness of *Russia*. However, I bless God I have my Health, and am sensible it will be a secret Pleasure, to you to hear of my Welfare; and I must declare that I am as happily situated as you could wish me, and am used intirely to my own Satisfaction. For my part, under Misfortunes, I shall always advise Travelling, it being pleasurable to attempt the most distant Part of the Globe with a Resolution and Trust in the *Divine Providence* which never fails those who rely on it. This I offer exclusive of *Predestination* and all Fanatic Cant. When in our Voyage, the Captain told me we should that Night go through the Gulph; methought he little knew how great a One I had shot, when I left *England* to sail Three-thousand-miles with only a

Splendid

48 Mrs. JUSTICE to Capt. CONDUIT.

Splendid-Shilling in my Pocket. I have without the least Anxiety, resigned *All* I ever had in this World, except *Friendship*, and that I never will part with but with my Breath. I shall therefore most gratefully acknowledge, that to you, it is, I owe my present Happiness, and am your much obliged Friend, and humble Servant,

ELIZ. JUSTICE.

II.

S I R,

PETERSBURG,
Oct. 15, 1735.

BE pleased now, to take an Account of this Place from above fifteen Months Experience.

The Gentleman and Lady * I am with, have used me with the greatest

* Mrs. JUSTICE went over as a *Governess* to some young *Ladies*; obliged thereto, by the dishonourable Practice of her Husband, lately Transported for Robbing the Libraries at *Cambridge*. She was the Daughter of an eminent Physician, in *Yorkshire*, and brought Mr. JUSTICE a very handsome Fortune. He has had by Her Three Children, which are kept by his own Mother, a worthy Gentlewoman, now living in the City of *York*.

Tenderness,

Tenderness, Humanity and Politeness that is possible. He is Just, Generous, and Obliging. She is Virtuous, Charitable and Compassionate; and I do from my Heart say, They are the Persons to whom I am, and wish to be obliged.

As to the *Russian* Climate it is extream Cold, as you may imagine when Eighteen Thousand Men were lately Reviewed upon the Ice. Carriages of all Sorts, laden with Goods, are every Day drawn over it. But indulgent Heaven to make up this Severity, has given plenty of Wood, and Furs, to fence against the Cold.

The People are very Strong, and can endure great Hardship. As to their Beauty, I cannot say, in Painting, they would make very soft Pieces; for the Lines of their Faces are very Strong. They are most of them of a good Heighth, but the Men wear very long
E Beards.

50 Mrs. JUSTICE to Capt. CONDUIT.

Beards. The Ladies are, or can be, just what you please. For, only say, what Complexion you like, and they will instantly put it on; being well versed in Painting.

As to their Conversation I will not say any thing of it, not understanding their Language, but they Bow very much, and are Civil to Strangers. They can dispence with more Dirt, and much more Food, than the *English*.

Their Churches are finely Adorned with what they call Gods. They go to Church in the Night, and He who makes the lowest Bow is most Religious.

As to their Servants, they are the most ignorant Creatures living, and have every thing which attends Ignorance, that is, Ingratitude, Dirt and Sauciness; and are, in my Opinion, far inferiour to a well taught Bear.

Their

Their Buildings are very Magnificent, and their Houses are very Warm, having an Oven in every Room, to which I creep close.

The Diversions of the Place are these; Twice a Week an Opera, and now and then, a serious Game at Ombre for what will never hurt any Body, Love and Friendship; and on a Moon-Light Night, a Tour upon the Ice in a Sled.

As to Scandal, here is enough of it; but, the Gentlemen Rival the Ladies of the Talent always allowed them, of a little Tittle-Tattle.

Here is no occasion for Sir *Clement Cotterel*, for they are much upon the *Sans Ceremonie*. There is one thing that I believe they exceed any Part of the World in, *Illuminations*; which they make about Four or Five times a Year, and the Expence is above Sixty

52 *Mrs. JUSTICE to Capt. CONDUIT.*

land Pounds a Year, and in my Opinion it is well worth it.

As to Provisions, here is every thing very good, and in great Plenty. As to Liquors, they are the same. As to Port Wine they wonder what it is; but *French Wine*, as *Chateau-Margoux*, *Burgundy*, *Tocai*, *Arrack*, we every Night drink to all Friends in Old *England*.

In short, here is no want of any thing but agreeable Company; and, except the Family I am in, there is not a Person that I should not think my Time as lost with, if I conversed with them. The Rules I go by are These; I think no One my Friend, and therefore cannot be deceived. I hear All, and say Little. I keep my old Maxim of giving no Affront, nor will not tamely take one. I believe, from this time, I shall always put into Lotteries; for I am apt to think my Luck is turned,

Mrs. JUSTICE to Capt. CONDUIT 53

ed, in happening to be so fortunate as
to come into so worthy a Family.

I make no excuse for this long Letter, it is in Compliance of your Request, and I desire your Acceptance of my Acknowledgments for all Favours conferred on,

S I R,

Your, &c.

ELIZ. JUSTICE.

III.

S I R,

PETERSBURG,
Dec. 24, 1735.

I Intreat your Acceptance of a *Winter-Piece*. The Scene of this Country is quite changed. The agreeable River which ran by my Window, is now consolidated into a fixt Substance of Ice. I daily see Numbers of Car-

E 3

riages

riages covered with Snow, and the Men's Beards look as if they were set with Diamonds by the Ificles hanging about them. The Green Trees are become so White, that they put me in mind of the Rosemary upon Cakes at Twelfth-Tide; and the Gentlemen and Ladies, I think, are turned into different Creatures, of all Sorts, by their Dress, being habited in Skins of divers Beasts. Yet, notwithstanding the Severity of the Frost, the Houses are kept warm by Ovens, as I observed in my former; they give an equal Heat, but are not to me so agreeable as *English* Fires, wherein, I think, is a kind of Cheerfulness that I prefer to this Method.

The Diet of *Russia* is excellently good, and, in my Opinion, this Place is very fit for an Epicure; for in short, Eating and Drinking take up a third Part of their Time.

Retire-

Retirement is my Delight; and when my little Ladies and I are together, I want no other Company nor Employment; when I have a leisure Hour to my Self, I spend it in Reading.

All the News I can send you, is, that the *English* Resident gave a very elegant Entertainment on the King's Birth-Day, which concluded with a Ball. I was not at it, for my Dress is still Brown Camlet, and I think that best for Retirement: I make up the Disappointment of Feasts, by attending a very polite Entertainment, that is, in Reading the *Spectator*. For, I really think I am now arrived to that Happiness he so agreeably represents of being *least Alone*, when quite Alone; on which I put this Construction, that *Books are the best Companions*. Pardon my Prolixity; but as I am of the Sex who seldom are Concise, I intreat you to put on your

E 4 Manly

56 *Mrs. JUSTICE to Capt. CONDUIT.*

Manly Generosity and forgive the Errors of your

Obliged humble Servant,

ELIZ. JUSTICE,

IV.

S I R,

PETERSBURG,
18 May, 1736.

THE Favours you have formerly bestowed on me are what I can never forget, I therefore omit no Opportunity of acknowledging Them.

Was I not convinced of your real Merit I would not venture to write this, for I believe I have now wrote Ten Letters and have had no Answer. My Friends are equally unkind. I must own, that One Letter I have been favoured with from you affords me much Satisfaction, for I have the Vanity to believe you mean what you say. I think I may be allowed to complain, when my Sister cannot find time to
write

write once a Year to unhappy me. But bad News never wants for carrying, for there is a Gentleman in *England* who has wrote to his Correspondent here, that Mr. JUSTICE is the Person who is under Confinement, and charged with the Robbery of the Library at *Cambridge*: This News arrived about Four Months ago, but my Master and Lady concealed it from me, as they do every thing that they think will give me any uneasiness; yet notwithstanding their Care it came to my Ear, and that in a very abrupt Manner. I was from the unwelcome News much disordered and not willing to believe it true, but there was in Three News Papers, immediately following, some Circumstances that agreed with it; now I will leave you to judge what an Anxiety of Mind I must be in, not having any one Friend so generous as to inform me of so important an Affair. I can compare myself to nothing but a Person set Quick in the Ground, who sees
many

58 *Mrs.* JUSTICE to *Capt.* CONDUIT.

many things that would preserve him, but can procure none of them; my leaving *England* in the Manner I did, and with a Resolution to go Abroad, I must say had something in it of the Daughter of CATO. Were my Afflictions nicely considered by a religious and honourable Man, I am sure he would allow that my Conduct was not mean, when I was struggling with the rough Waves of a turbulent Sea: Now, as I am willing, nay wish to be judged by the Just and Upright, I appeal to you whether I do not deserve a Letter twice a Year from old *England*. This is the last I shall write till I hear from you; I find so great a Decay of my Reason that I am apprehensive I shall soon be deprived of my Senses, but while I remain in them I shall with pleasure own I am,

Your obliged Friend

and humble Servant,

ELIZ. JUSTICE.



LETTERS

Concerning the Manuscripts of

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

To Mr. CURLL.

S I R,

MR. *White*, who I believe I have not the Honour to know, did very truly inform you, when he told you that I had several Manuscripts of my Uncle WALSH's by me; for, to tell you the Truth, I have a good many: But several of them, as I take it, were written when he was very young; others at leisure Hours, I believe, for Amusement only, and not with any design to publish them. Indeed most of them are rather Sketches, or Outlines of some Design, than finished Pieces. I dare not be instrumental in committing any of them to the Press without
the

60 *Mr. BROMLEY to Mr. CURLL.*

the approbation, and perhaps correction of some very judicious Friend.

I have not yet seen any of the Volumes of Mr. POPE'S *Literary Correspondence*, they being published since I left the Town; but I am in no pain for any thing of Mr. WALSH'S that can come from that Quarter, being intirely satisfied that Mr. POPE would not print any thing that he did not know worthy of the Memory of his Friend, whose Character as a Critic, and a Man of Judgment, that Gentleman has raised to a very high Pitch, by the honourable and kind Mention he has made of him in his *Essay on Criticism*, and other his incomparable Works.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

W. BROMLEY.

WORCESTER,

Aug. 11, 1735.

II.

To Mr. CURLL.

S I R,

I have the Favour of yours of the 14th of *August*, and likewise one since of the 30th, to acknowledge; but as I have been a good deal upon the Ramble for these three Weeks last, I hope that will in some Measure plead my Excuse for not having done it sooner.

Since I wrote to you last, I have been looking over some of the MSS. you mention, and they really seem to be so very incorrect, that I cannot possibly prevail with myself to have any of them published. The Sentiments in some of them I believe are very well, and what he would not have been ashamed of, but in other respects they are very deficient; and besides, they have been written so long, and in so careless a manner, and with such bad Ink that a great many of them are scarce legible.

I should

I should be obliged to you if you would send me the Three Volumes of Mr. POPE's *Literary Correspondence**, and when I come to Town, which I believe will be in a short time, I will call upon you and pay for them.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

W. BROMLEY.

WORCESTER

Sep. 3. 1735.

* A Fourth Volume is Published.

N. B. Mr. White, mentioned in the first of these Letters, is a very worthy Gentleman living in Worcestershire. It was he who gave me the Information where I might hear of Mr. Walsh's MSS. and accordingly I wrote to Mr. Bromley concerning them; but as he does not think any of them worthy his Uncle's Memory, he is highly to be commended for suppressing them. I only hereby beg leave to give Notice, that I have now reprinted a Correct and Beautiful Edition of Mr. Walsh's Pieces in Prose and Verse, Published in his Life Time, which I hope will prove Acceptable to the Public. I am obliged to a Lady for the following Pieces.

E. CURLE.

SONNETS, &c.

BY

WILLIAM WALSH, *Esq;*

I.

PHILLIS, we grieve not that Nature,
Forming Thee has done her Part;
And in ev'ry single Feature,
Shewn the utinost of her Art.

II.

But in This, it is pretended,
That a mighty Grievance lies,
That thy Heart should be defended,
Tho' Thou wound'st Us with Thy Eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless Inclination,
Where no *Mercy's* to be found;
But is Just where kind Compassion
Gives Us Balm to heal the Wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn Duty,
To the rising *Sun* inclin'd,
Never would adore his Beauty,
But in hopes to make Him kind.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THO' *Celia's* born to be Ador'd,
And *Strephon* to Adore her born,
In vain Her Pity is implor'd,
Who kills him Twice, with Charms and Scorn.

II.

Fair Saint, to your blest Orb repair,
And learn in Heav'n a Heav'nly Mind;
Thence hearken to a *Sinner's* Pray'r,
And be *less* Beauteous or *more* Kind.

PHILLIS's Resolution.

I.

WHEN Slaves their Liberty require,
They hope no More to gain;
But You not only That desire,
But ask the Power to Reign.

II.

Think how unjust a Suit you make,
Then will you soon decline;
Your Freedom, when you please, pray take,
But Trespas not on Mine.

III.

No more in vain, *Alexander* crave,
I ne'er will grant the Thing,
That He who once has been my Slave,
Should ever be my King.

To a LADY who had resolved against
MARRIAGE.

I Cannot, Madam, but congratulate
Your Resolution for a *Single-State*:
Ladies who would live *undisturb'd* and *free*,
Must never put on *Hymen's-Livery*.
Perhaps its *Outside* seems to promise *fair*,
Yet *underneath* is nothing else but *Care*.

If once you let the *Gordian-Knot* be ty'd,
Which turns the Name of *Virgin* into *Bride*,
That one fond *Act* your *Life's* best *Scene* foregoes,
And leads you into *Labyrinths* of *Woes*;
Whose strange *Meanders* you may search about,
But never find the *Clue* that leads you out.

The *Marry'd Life* affords you little *Ease*,
The best of *Husbands* is so hard to please.
This, in *Wives* careful *Faces* you may spell,
Tho' they dissemble their *Misfortunes* well,
No *Plague's* so great as an *ill-ruling Head*,
But 'tis a *Fate* which few young *Ladies* dread:
For *Love's* insinuating *Fire* they fan,
With sweet *Ideas* of a *God-like Man*.
Gloe and *Phillis* glory'd in their *Swains*,
And sung their *Praises* on the *Neighb'ring Plains*;
O! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming *Men*,
Angels 'till marry'd, but meer *Devils* then.

Sure some resistless *Pow'r* with *Cupid* sides,
Or we should have more *Virgins*, fewer *Brides*;
For *Single-lives* afford the most *Content*,
Secure and happy as they're *Innocent*:
Bright as *Olympus* crown'd with endless *Ease*,
And calm as *Neptune* on the *Halcyon-Seas*.

66 SONNETS, &c. by W. WALSH, Esq;

Your Sleep is broke with no Domestic Cares;
No squalling Children to disturb your Pray'rs:
No Parting-Sorrows to extort your Tears,
No blust'ring Husband to renew your Fears!
Therefore, dear *Madam*, let a Friend advise,
Love, and its idle *Deity* despise;
Suppress *Wild-Nature*, if it durst rebel;
There's no such Thing as leading *Apes* in *Hell*.

CLELIA to URANIA. An ODE.

I.
THE dismal Regions which no Sun beholds,
Whilst his Fires roll some distant World to cheer,
Which in dry Darkness, Frost, and chilling colds,
Spend one long Portion of the dragging Year,
At his returning Influence never knew
More Joy, than *Clelia*, when she thinks of You.

II.
Those Zealots who adore the rising *Sun*
Would soon their daring Deity despise,
And with more warm, more true Devotion run,
To worship nobler Beams *Urania's* Eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely Form Divine,
Where Rays more glorious, more attracting, shine.

III.
But, Ah! frail Mortals, tho' you may admire
At a convenient distance all her Charms,
Approach Them, and you'll feel a raging Fire,
Which scorches deep, and all your Pow'r disarms;
Thus like th' *Arabian Bird*, your Care proceeds
From the bright Object, which your Pleasure heeds.





Dean **S W I F T**

T O

Mr P O P E.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.



Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours, from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it; one thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt Friendship

66 LETTERS of Dean SWIFT,

ship and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit my self to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembred by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep my self here — *Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough, to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi & fuga sæculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of too much applause, as Ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your Happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party; this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your

Your notions of Friendship are new to me, I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first place in my Friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in Penny-worths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to a jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavour'd to establish a friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four Cotemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the World before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the time of Augustus; but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hinder'd it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe: Under the name of Poets and Scribes, I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the World.

68 LETTERS of Dean SWIFT,

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be call'd so in this Country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita Solutorum, &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath pass'd four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight Miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Congreve, and Gay---- I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you? I am ever,

Your, &c.

Mr POPE to Dr SWIFT.

December 10, 1725.

I Find my self the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as men are with themselves for a long Affliction: Absence does but hold off a Friend to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which perhaps has been aggrandiz'd by the distance or dullness of Ireland (as objects look larger thro' a medium of Foggs), and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England.

70 LETTERS of Dean SWIFT,

We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you ; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst ; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the world ; only I fear it would be fill'd wholly like Chelsea, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in it's service. I would rather have those, that out of such generous principles, as you and I, despise it, fly in it's face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the Great ; my spleen is at the Little rogues of it : It would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piss-pot, than by a Thunderbolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them, but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the under-strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries — this would provoke as dull a dog as Philips himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr L—— thinks all this indiscreet : the Doctor not so : he loves mischief the best of any good natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling : when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal ;

tal ; If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William : I suppose Mr Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons ; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him ; and the other, because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add ? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you : and that many others whom you do not think the worst of will be gratified by it ; none more (be assured) than yours, &c.

To Dr ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguish'd yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant ; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Distrust, by any Vanity, much less any Interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a Last Request, shall have it's due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against Vice, is (I thank God)

the only disdain and indignation I have : It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid is impossible, and that the best Precepts, as well as the best Laws, would prove of small use, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abstract, without touching Persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples : Precepts only apply to our Reason, which in most men is but weak : Examples are pictures, and strike the Senses, nay raise the Passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own ; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterr'd. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear, of any thing else, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some Characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve 'em, 'tis evidently a service to mankind to point those men out: yet such as if all the world gave them, none I think will own, they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an Insulter; and as to private Villainy, it is not so safe to join in an Assassination, as in a Libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the Great, or those in power, I may wish I had it, but if thro' misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It

It is certain, much freer Satyrists than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenæ made Horace their companion, tho' he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark it was out of the suffering Party too, that they favour'd and distinguish'd Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing my self with Virgil and Horace, nay even with another Court-favourite, Boileau: I have always been too modest to imagine my Panegyrics were Incense worthy of a Court; and that I hope will be thought the true reason why I have never offer'd any. I would only have observ'd, that it was under the greatest Princes and best Ministers, that moral Satyrists were most encourag'd; and that then Poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the Follies, as Historians did over the Vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false Taste and Affectation, in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caress'd; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banish'd.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with Temper, Justice, and Resolution. As your Approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which I know will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy.



LET-



LETTERS

TO, and FROM

Bishop *ATTERBURY*.

Decemb. 1716.



Return your Preface *, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one who reads it: And since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it---always provided, that there is nothing said there, which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter: of which you your self are the best and the only Judge. This is my sincere Opinion, which I give because you ask it: and which I would not give, tho' asked,

* Mr POPE's *General Preface* to his POEMS, Vol. I. printed 1717.

LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY. 77

asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you ; being sensible how improper it is on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature ; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing ; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme, and in behalf of blank verse ; with little discretion perhaps, but I am sure without the least prejudice : being my self equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error if it be one ; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you : or if I do, shall I hope have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is as much as any man can be,

Yours, &c.

The

78 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Bramley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Have nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnish'd me, but what you have already said to your self.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own Ease and Happiness. You have it now in your power, to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, (if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind) to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you, that there is no man living, who wishes you better, or would be more pleas'd to contribute any way to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented in several places, as the title page of my third * edition pretends it to be. When

I

* The THIRD Edition, of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, was Revised and Augmented by the Author, and printed 1678, tho' all the Writers of his Life make him die 1674.

I see you next, I will shew you the several passages alter'd and added by the author, beside what you mention'd to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer and the majesty of Virgil with somewhat less reverence than I us'd to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to shew me, in the first of these, any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, either as to the greatness, and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I look'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it,

*Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.*

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town, the D. of Buckingham continu'd so ill that he receiv'd no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to your, &c.

The

*The Answer.**My Lord,**Nov. 20, 1717.*

I Am truly oblig'd by your kind condolance on my Father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this accident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my Spiritual and my Temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a Parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent: But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi* ---- and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

---- *nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

A rigid Divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one. At least I am more certain that it is a Duty of Nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any Speculative point whatever.

----- *ignaram hujus quodcunque periculi*
Hanc ego, nunc, linguam?

For

For she, my Lord, would think this Separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did of the success of such an Adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive Divinity.) Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, I mean as well in the Religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in any other. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advis'd me to read the best Books of Controversies between the Churches: Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old: for I loved reading, and my father had no other books. There was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the second: I warm'd my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found my self a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read, I am afraid most Seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as out-witted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily

G

believe

82 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,

believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God and live in peace with their Neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy; that I have any talents for Active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis call'd so, for to me it always seem'd to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*, I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my Politics, I think no farther than how to preserve the peace of my life in any Government under which I live; nor in my Religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any Church with which I communicate. I hope all Churches and all Governments are so far of God, as they are
rightly

rightly understood, and rightly administred: and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater Instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes or States. I am a Catholic, in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not: I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic: and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties! You see my Lord, I end like a preacher: but this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever

Your, &c.

84 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,

Mr POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I Hope you have some time ago receiv'd the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr Gay, as instances (how small ones forever) that I wish you both health, and diversion. What I now send for your perusal, I shall say nothing of ; not to forestall by a single word what you promis'd to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticize from Virgil to these Tales, as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a Prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you. The fate of the South-sea Scheme has, sooner than I expected, verify'd what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepar'd for it, no man consider'd it would come *like a Thief in the night*, exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punish'd the Avaritious as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself: the thirst of gain was their crime, that thirst continued, became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined

imagined they had, (among whom is your humble servant) I would have them sensible of their felicity; and convinc'd of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who after half his estate was swallowed up by the Directors of those days; resolv'd, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist.

Men shall grieve out of the CITY, and hiss them out of their PLACE.

They have dream'd out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal Poverty, which is the consequence of universal Avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable.

The Universal deluge of the South-sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drown'd all except a few *unrighteous* men. But it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleas'd with a thought of Dr Arbuthnot's: he says the Government and South-sea company have only lock't up the money of the people upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is usual in case of Lunatics), and intend to restore 'em as much as may be fit for such people as fast as they shall see 'em return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour, and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleas'd in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know and feel in my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality one way; but I find not the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other. In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleas'd, is that you continue your favour toward me: the best I know for being proud, would be that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a Physician as does not only *repair* but *improve*. I am with the sincerest esteem and acknowledgment, Your, &c.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales and Mr Gay's books I receiv'd not till Monday night, together with your letter, for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I return'd hither from Westminster on saturday night last; it has found it's way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing: This is the first letter that I have

have ventur'd upon, which will be written I fear *vaccillantibus literis*, as Tully says Tyro's Letters were after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you ; it is not worth your while to know what I meant by it : but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this in Latin, which may in a few words say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves,

JOHANNI DRYDENO,

Cui Poësis Anglicana

Vim suam, ac Veneres debet ;

Et siquâ in posterum augebitur laude,

Est adhuc debitura :

Honoris ergo P. &c.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you your self, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's Name only below, and his Busto above, may not lines like these be grav'd just under the name ?

88 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,

*This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just, I
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Bust.
What else the Muse in Marble might express,
Is known already; Praise would make him less.*

Or thus-----
*More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits
reign, Praise is Impertinent; and Censure vain.*

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at least, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you if you should not once in your life time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them as ever I shall read while I live. Indeed they do not please my taste; they are writ with so Romantic an air, and allowing for the difference of Eastern manners, are, yet upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance, (at least to my northern understanding) that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprize and please a little; but when you fix your eye intently upon them they

they appear so extravagant, disproportion'd, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object. They may furnish the mind with some new images; but I think the purchase is made at too great an expence: for to read those two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance: and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which I dare say, I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of Dress, Furniture, &c. I cannot help thinking them the product of some Woman's imagination: and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read 'em over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a Prophet in respect of the South-sea, sorry I mean as far as your loss is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had the project taken root and flourish'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that whichever way it had leaned, it must have borne down all before it ---- But of the dead we must speak

90 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,
speak gently : and therefore as Mr Dryden
says somewhere, *Peace be to it's Manes !*

Let me add one reflection, to make you
easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that
you have lost beyond what you ventur'd,
consider that your superfluous gains would
have sprung from the ruin of several fami-
lies that now want necessaries ! a thought,
under which a good, and a good natur'd
man that grew rich by such means, could
not (I persuade my self) be perfectly easy.
Adieu and believe me ever Your, &c.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 26.

YOU are not your self gladder you are
well than I am ; especially since I
can please my self with the thought that
when you had lost your health elsewhere,
you recover'd it here. May these lodgings
never treat you worse, nor you at any time
have less reason to be fond of them !

I thank you for the fight of your * Ver-
ses, and with the freedom of an honest,
tho' perhaps injudicious friend, must tell
you, that tho' I could like some of them,
if they were any body's but yours, yet as
they

* Epitaph on Mr Harcourt.

they are yours and to be own'd as such, I can scarce like any of them. -- Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet: and might, if follow'd by four others as good, give reputation to a writer of a less establish'd fame: but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oft'ner it is read, the more it will be admir'd. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath your self: 'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, and you may be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your compositions.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, tho' I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily, and am ever

Yours, &c.

I have sent Dr Arbuthnot the Latin M S. † which I could not find when you left me; and am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reasoner
of

† Of Huetius, left after his Death.

92 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,

of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is call'd---- what that means in English or French, I can't say---- but all he says is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning; that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

*Vane Ligur; frustra que animis elate superbis?
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.*

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of Truth and Falshood can in any case be distinguish'd from each other? Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can,) we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my reason, with a dog for his instinct to morrow.

I have sent Dr. A----- the Latin M. S. † which I could not find when you last were; and am to angry at the writer for his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reasoner of

Lord

Lord Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr POPE.

Decemb. 6, 1717.

I Cannot but suspect my self of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and I assure myself you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear (*viz.*) renounced, deserted, &c. *deny'd* is capable in my opinion of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great easiness, or more good nature than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect
your

94 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,
your forgiveness for my desiring you to re-
consider them.

*Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd
to speak.*

I can't perfectly, at least without farther
discouraging you, reconcile my self to the
first part of that line ; and the word *forc'd*
(which was my own, and I persuade my
self for that reason only submitted to by
you,) seems to carry too doubtful a con-
struction for an Epitaph, which as I appre-
hend, ought as easily to be understood as
read. I shall acknowledge it as a very par-
ticular favour, if at your best leisure you
will peruse the inclosed and vary it, if you
think it capable of being amended, and
let me see you any morning next week.

I am, &c.

EPITAPH as it was erected 1720.

To this sad shrine, who'er thou art draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak !
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
O ! let thy once lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And with a Father's sorrow mix his own !

The

The Bishop of ROCHESTER to Mr POPE.

Sept. 27, 1721.

I Am now confin'd to my bed-chamber, and to the matted-room, wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company to whom I cannot excuse my self, comes, which I am not ill pleas'd to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

— *inversum contristat Aquarius annum?*

“ If these things be done in the green
“ tree, what shall be done in the dry.”

Excuse me for employing a sentence of scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oft'ner; tho' I am afraid you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been so full of it. One civil thing that you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr Waller;

96 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,

Waller; and possess'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la Malade*, had you not bestow'd it on one who has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember 'em, because you forget nothing.

*With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain, &c.*

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhimes and words [appear and clear] that the couplet but one after that does — and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus,

*So Light'nings in a stormy Air,
Scorch more than when the Sky is fair.*

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true: for at present, I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr Prior to his grave, else I would have done it to have shew'd his friends that I had forgot

got and forgiven what he wrote on me *.
He is buried, as he desired, at the feet
of Spenser, and I will take care to make
good in every respect what I said to him
when living; particularly as to the Triplet †
he wrote for his own Epitaph; which while
we were in good terms, I promis'd him
shou'd never appear on his tomb while I
was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleas'd to find you have so much
pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it)
so much health at Lord Bathurst's: may
both continue till I see you! may my Lord
have as much satisfaction in building the
house in the wood, and using it when built,
as you have in designing it! I cannot send
a wish after him that means him more hap-
piness, and yet I am sure I wish him as
much as he wishes himself.

I am, &c.

* Alluding to this Epigram on his Burying the
Duke of Buckinghamshire.

I have no hopes --- the Duke he says and dies;

In sure and certain Hopes --- the Prelate cries:

Of these *two* learned *Peers*, I prithee say Man,

Who is the *lying* Knave, the *Priest* or *Layman*?

The *Duke* he stands an *Infidel* confess,

He's our dear Brother --- quoth the *Lordly Priest*,

The *Duke*, tho' Knave, still *Brother Dear* he cries,

And who can say the *Rev'rend Prelate* lies?

† To me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis giv'n

To live: Alas one Moment sets us even,

Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven.

H

From

From the same.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

Notwithstanding I write this on Sunday evening to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning, yet I foresee it will not reach you till Wednesday morning: and before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire; and God knows that is far from being the case. For I never part from this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii* or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent, interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one if my memory does not fail me.

I am surpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurst and you are parted so soon; he has
been

been sick I know of some late transactions, but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophecy it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London-friends, and a surfeit of solitude will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London-journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster: where I hope the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now I thank God as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse, but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be

100 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,
discourag'd from lending me books, when
you find me so punctual in returning them.
Shakespeare shall bear it company, and be
put into your hands as clear and as fair as it
came out of them, tho' you I think have
been dabling here and there with the text : I
have had more reverence for the writer and
the printer, and left every thing standing
just as I found it. However I thank you
for the pleasure you have given me in put-
ting me upon reading him once more before
I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that plea-
any more, having other work to do, and
other things to think of, but none that will
interfere with the offices of friendship, in
the exchange of which with you, Sir, I
hope to live and die.

Yours, &c.

P. S. Mr Addison's Works came to my
hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a
very odd set of incidents, that the book
should be dedicated by * a dead man †
to a dead man ; and even that the new ||
patron to whom Mr Tickell chose to in-
scribe his verses, should be dead also before
they were publish'd. Had I been in the
Editor's place I should have been a little ap-
prehensive for my self, under a thought that
every

* Mr Addison.
Warwick.

† Mr Craggs.

|| Lord

and Mr POPE.

101

every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see when I am conversing with you I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PERmit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a compleat copy of those verses on Mr Addison *; send me also your last resolution which shall punctually be observ'd in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much: it has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneer'd at in a line or so for the sake of the pleasure I
H 3 should

* An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's surprize, who never would give any,

102 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,
should have in reading the rest. I have
talked my sense of this matter to you once
or twice, and now I put it under my hand,
that you may see it is my deliberate opinion.
What weight that may have with you I
cannot say: but it pleases me to have an op-
portunity of shewing you how well I wish
you, and how true a friend I am to your
fame, which I desire may grow every day,
and in every kind of writing to which you
shall please to turn your pen. Not but that I
have some little interest in the proposal, as I
shall be known to have been acquainted with
a man that was capable of excelling in such
different manners, and did such honour to
his country and language, and yet was not
displeas'd sometimes to read what was writ-
ten by his humble Servant.

Mr POPE to Bishop ATTERBURY.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was disappointed (much more than those
who commonly use that phrase on such
occasions) in missing you at the Deanery,
where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I
truly partake in any degree of concern that
affects you, and I wish every thing may suc-
ceed as you desire in your own family, and
in that which I think you no less account your
own,

own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true Friends of it, and to your power it's protector. Tho' the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say a good man is still tending it's welfare; as the Sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquility than I, who know you should understand the value of it: but I don't wish you a jot less concern'd or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm desires for public good.

I beg the kindness (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Visiter, but your Lodger, and I accuse my self of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason, the seeing a friend: As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so, (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what I think I never shall, my veracity and integrity) I shall esteem my self fortunate, in spite of the South-sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how sorry I am, you shou'd be troubled a-new by any sort of people.

104 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,
I heartily wish, *quod superest, ut tibi vivas*
---- that you may teach me how to do the
same: who, without any real impediment
to acting and living rightly, do act and live
as foolishly as if I were a Great man.

I am, &c.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so I hope every day that we live: for to tell you the truth I like you as I like my self, best, when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engag'd in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: but God, that knows my heart, knows I never lov'd it: and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, 'tis in *Angulo cum Libello*; and yet a good part of my time has been spent, and perhaps must still be spent, far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in any post or in any respect, how little soever I may

may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleas'd to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise. Let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them, could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy * manner; and how long, or how little a while it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing. I am, &c.

* In his Lady's last sickness.

Mr POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

March 19, 1721-2.

I Am extreamly sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am

am very certain of your good will, and of the warmth which is, in you, inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twittenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, to shew you in a point of view the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast like Nebuchadnezzar of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

O keep me innoceut, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthen'd in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to it's vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles, (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion).

The

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retir'd, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy your self (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the Fathers of the Desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly tho' taken from his worst work)

*That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his Pulse.*

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C* or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laugh'd at when you compar'd me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, no body shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me, my Lord, no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay, with more willing acquiescence, (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, &c.

* Carteret.

From

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNder all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure; no stomach to write to you; the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinc'd, that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter my self sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reason; does for a few moments make me easy — however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll see no body but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to Statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and

I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only : A President of the council, or a Star and Garter will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a Puppet-show. I have said to Greatness sometime ago — *Tuas tibi res habeto, ego met curabo meas.* The Time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level : and I am resolv'd for my part to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now : for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more Virtue and less Pride : and then I'll court them as much as any body : but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward Trappings, I am determin'd (and I think I have a right) to be as proud as they are : tho' I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking — when I sat down to write I intended only to excuse my self for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer when I must dislodge. I am preparing for it : For I am at this moment building a Vault in the Abbey for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abbey,

110 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,

Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the west door of it; as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of Franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allow'd us.

Yours, &c.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my pow'r, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impressi^{on} upon me that will not soon be effac'd.

Lord

Lord * has press'd me terribly to see him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherish'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the motto of my fundial, *Vivite, ait, fugio*. I will as far as I am able, follow it's advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induc'd to let me be quiet, and live to my self, with the few (the very few) friends I like: For that is the point, the single point, I now aim at; tho' I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I don't know

* Bolingbroke.

* Dawley.

112 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,
know how I have rambled into this account
of my self; when I sat down to write I
had no thought of making that any part of
my letter.

You might have been sure without my
telling you, that my right hand is at ease;
else I should not have overflow'd at this
rate. And yet I have not done, for there
is a kind intimation at the end of yours,
which I understood, because it seems to
tend towards employing me in something
that is agreeable to you. Pray explain your
self, and believe that you have not an ac-
quaintance in the world that would be more
in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I
love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain,
and a fine Thrush have been severally endea-
vouring to call off my attention; but both
in vain: Nor should I yet part with you,
but that the turning over a new leaf frights
me a little, and makes me resolve to break
thro' a new temptation, before it has taken
too fast hold on me.

I am, &c.

From

From the same.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after your parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my enquiries, how you got home and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desir'd? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head: as I suppose I might have done if you had found him.

I am sick of these Men of quality: and the more so, the oftner I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what pass'd in the coach about Sampson Agonistes. I shan't press you as to time, but sometime or other, I wish you would re-

I

view,

view, and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improv'd, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragick poetry — always allowing for it's being a story taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that at this time of day, I know is not to be got over.

I am, &c.

Mr POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July, 27.

I Have been as constantly at Twickenham, as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the Vanity of human Glory. -----

The Duchess's letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise. I must keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your Lordship will not be so unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore

fore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one Friend] Your Lordship may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and christian plainness, tell her that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of Friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I've represented to her, that an Inscription in the antient way, plain, pompous, and yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it: And so I hope she will be satisfied, the Duke's Honour be preserv'd, and my Integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or Distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never so much as when they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make, from common business to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature: Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho'

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not so much as I ought. I am pleas'd with those latin verses extreamly, which are so very good that I thought 'em yours, till you call'd 'em an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecti membra poëtæ*. I won't pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civillest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have 'em. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good prophane writers, especially the Moralists, &c. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to,

Your, &c.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Duchess just as you desir'd, and referr'd her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather, because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so, you your self should not have induc'd me to

to give it. Whether, and how far she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say : especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concern'd, but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to morrow to the Deanery, and I believe I shall stay there, till I have said Dust to dust, and shut up that † last scene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to stay there at this time of the year ; and I know I shall often say to my self, while I am expecting the funeral,

*O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam ! quandoque licebit
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ !*

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ

Ossibus & capiti in-humato

Particulam dare —

Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa ; licebit

Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an answer for me some where in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remem-

I 3

ber

† This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722.

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ber tho' I don't--- Poor Ghost thou shalt be
satisfied! — or something like it. How-
ever that be, take care you do not fail in your
appointment, that the company of the
living may make me some amends for my
attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I
am well. I should always, could I always
be here-----

----- *Sed me*

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina : vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this
morning, and the last man I desire to con-
verse with this evening, tho' at twenty miles
distance from you,

Te veniente die, Te decedente, requiro.

From the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Dear Sir,

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I Thank you for all instances of your
friendship, both before, and since my
misfortunes. A little time will compleat
them, and separate you and me for ever.
But in what part of the world soever I am,
I will live mindful of your sincere kindness
to

to me; and will please my self with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have lov'd and valu'd you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allow'd to tell you so: as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me: which was much to the purpose, in a case that is already determin'd. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of Triumph, tho' sure of the Victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary toward the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing Plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—— You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not

120 LETTERS of Bishop ATTERBURY,

part with you now till I have clos'd this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will (I know) readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

*Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
The World was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.*

The Answer.

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to exprefs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey; to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tye, which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you:

you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish of a friend, must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way, I dare to tell my esteem and affection for you, to your enemies in the gates; and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove your self, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do your self the best and most lasting justice. The instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the publick even now, than in the stations you have so honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon: is it not the latter, the disgrac'd part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have liv'd.

I am

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But God knows I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope, that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one living or dead, of whom I shall think oftner or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent Spirits, who, tho' we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me; and every time that I think of you, I believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be
but

but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguish'd me, how cordially you have advis'd me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you. In my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me, the impressions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the Friendship of the Bishop of ROCHESTER.

I am, &c.

To the same.

May 2, 1725.

ONce more I write to you as I promis'd, and this once I fear will be the last! the Curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that Sleep of the soul which some have believ'd is to succeed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which we

124 LETTERS of *Bishop* ATTERBURY,

we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Posterity: and perhaps at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critique on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility: and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our ripen and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all

all Mankind. Your Genius should mount above that mist in which it's participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it: To shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazled and blazed the most; in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but revenge will never harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose minds are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit enter'd into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the Passions and Affections are much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; therefore

126 LETTERS *of the D. of Buckingham,*
fore look forward, and make (as you can)
the world look after you: But take care,
that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem
and Admiration.

I am with the greatest sincerity, and
passion for your Fame as well as Happi-
ness,

Your, &c.

The Bishop of Rochester went into Exile the month
following, and continued in it till his death, which
happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in
the year 1732.

The Duke of BUCKINGHAM to Mr POPE.

YOU desire my opinion as to the late
dispute in France concerning Homer:
And I think it excusable (at an age alas of
not much pleasure) to amuse my self a little
in taking notice of a controversy, than
which nothing is at present more remark-
able (even in a nation who value them-
selves so much upon the Belles Lettres) both
on account of the illustrious subject of
it, and of the two persons ingaged in the
quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric
kind of Poetry even in the opinion of his
very adversary. The other a Lady (and of
more value for being so) not only of great
Learning,

Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that sort of it which most becomes her Sex, for softness, genteelness, and promoting of virtue: and such as (one would think) is not so liable as other parts of scholarship, to rough disputes, or violent animosity.

Yet it has so happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity it self, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than these two polite authors; by suffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may use that expression) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend so great an Author under debate: I wish for the sake of the public, which is now so well entertain'd by their quarrel, it may not end at last in their agreeing to blame a third man who is so presumptuous as to censure both, if they should chance to hear of it.

To begin with matter of fact. Madam Dacier has well judg'd, that the best of all Poets certainly deserv'd a better translation, at least into French prose, because to see it done in verse was despair'd of: I believe indeed from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence suitable to so very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this task as well as prose can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong side of Tapestry is able to represent

128 LETTERS *of the D. of Buckingham*,
present the right) but she has added to it also
many learned and useful annotations. With
all which she most obligingly delighted not
only her own sex, but most of ours, igno-
rant of the Greek, and consequently her ad-
versary himself, who frankly acknowledges
that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if in doing this,
she is grown so inamour'd of that unspeak-
ably-charming Author, as to have a kind
of horror at the least mention of a man
bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being al-
ready deservedly famous for all sorts of Ly-
ric poetry, was so far introduc'd by her in-
to those beauties of the Epic kind, (tho' but
in that way of translation) as not to resist
the pleasure and hope of reputation by at-
tempting that in verse, which had been ap-
plauded so much for the difficulty of doing
it even in prose; knowing how this, well
executed, must extreamly transcend the
other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think
they have an ancient right of being excus'd
for Vanity on all occasions; he was not
content to out-do Madam Dacier, but endea-
vour'd to out-do Homer himself, and all
that ever in any age or nation went before
him in the same enterprize; by leaving out,
altering, or adding whatever he thought
best.

Against

Against this presumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times so well defended, as not to need my small assistance; yet I must needs say his excellencies are such, that for their sake he deserves a much gentler touch for his seeming errors. These if M. de la Motte had translated as well as the rest, with an apology for having retain'd 'em only out of meer veneration; his judgment in my opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the best of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at some odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly because of his sublime ones, I was about to say his divine ones, which almost surprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of humane nature.

And now we are wond'ring, I am in a difficulty to guess, what can be the reason of these exceptions against Homer. from one who has himself translated him, contrary to the general custom of translators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be singular in getting above the title of a Translator, tho' sufficiently honourable in this case. For such an ambition no body has less occasion, than one who is so fine a Poet in other kinds; and who must have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can intitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himself: though no man

130 LETTERS of the D. of Buckingham,
in this age seems more capable of being a
good one, if the *French* tongue would bear
it. Yet in his translation he has done too
well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults)
that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Besides he could not be ignorant, that
finding faults is the most easy and vulgar
part of a critic; whereas nothing shews so
much skill and taste both, as the being
thoroughly sensible of the sublimest excel-
lencies.

What can we say in excuse of all this?
Humanum est errare: Since as good a Poet
as I believe the French language is capable
of, and as sharp a Critic as any nation can
produce, has by too much censuring Ho-
mer, subjected a translation to censure, that
would have otherwise stood the test of the
severest adversary.

But since he would needs chuse that
wrong way of criticism, I wonder he mis'd
a stone so easy to be thrown against Homer,
for his filling the *Iliad* with so much slaugh-
ter, (for that is to be excused, since a War
is not capable of being described without it)
but with so many various particulars of
wounds and horror, as shew the writer (I
am afraid) so delighted that way himself,
as not the least to doubt his reader being so
also. Like *Spainoletta*, whose dismal pic-
tures are the more disagreeable for being al-
ways so very movingly painted. Even
Hector's

Hector's last parting from his son and Andromache, hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his strongest objection about that dismal combat, has sufficient cause to blame his inrag'd adversary; who here gives an instance that it is impossible to be violent without committing some mistake; her passion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very grossest of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a dispute about that very Poet for whom I have the greatest veneration.

Madam Dacier might have consider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to so bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am sure she thinks shines securely even after the vain attempts of Plato himself against it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reason with that of Madam Dacier's anger against M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in prose his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the sublime heights of poetry, which therefore he banish'd out of his common-wealth.

Nor were these objections to Homer any more lessening of her merit in translating him, as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the most

132 LETTERS of the D. of Buckingham,
admirable verses can be any disparagement
to an excellent prose.

The best excuse for all this violence is, it's
being in a Cause which gives a kind of repu-
tation even to suffering by never so ill a ma-
nagement of it.

The worst of defending even Homer in
such a passionate manner, is it's being more
a proof of her weakness, than of his being
liable to none. For what is it can excuse
Homer any more than Hector, for flying
at the first sight of Achilles? whose terri-
ble aspect sure needed not such an inexcusa-
ble fright to let it off; and methinks all
that account of Minerva's restoring his dart
to Achilles, comes a little too late, for ex-
cusing Hector's so terrible apprehension at
the very first.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's
compliance with my request, in giving
me your opinion of the French dispute con-
cerning Homer. And I shall keep my word,
in fairly telling wherein I disagree from you.
It is but in two or three very small points,
not so much of the dispute, as of the par-
ties

ties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite so highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I respect it very much. It is great complaisance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her husband. To instance no further, his remarks on Horace shew more good Sense, Penetration, and a better Taste of his author, and those upon Aristotle's art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of hers on any author whatever. In truth, they are much more slight, dwell more in generals, and are besides for the most part less her own, of which her remarks upon Homer are an example; where Eustathius is transcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth or learning in those upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were most wanted) upon Aristophanes, only the Greek Scholia upon the latter are some of the best extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not search to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forc'd me to see them: yet I had so much French complaisance as to conceal her thefts; for where ever I have found her notes to be wholly anothers, (which is the case in some hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without observing upon it. If Madam Dacier has ever seen my observations, she will be sensible of this conduct, but

K 3 what

134 LETTERS of the D. of Buckingham,
what effect it may have upon a Lady, I
will not answer for.

In the next place, as to Mr. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in supposing he could have no idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry but what he learn'd from Madam Dacier's Prose-translation. There had been a very elegant Prose-translation before by Monsieur de la Valtaire, so elegant, that the style of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very justly animadverts against the too great disposition of finding faults, in the one, and of confessing none, in the other: But doubtless, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, dispassionate or sensible, than Mr de la Motte's manner of managing the dispute: and so much as I see your Grace admires the beauty of his verse (in which you have the suffrage too of the Archbishop of Cambray) I will venture to say, his prose is full as good. I think therefore when you say, no disputants ev'n in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than these two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the passions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the
same

same interests go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animosities, and even persecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticism, as ever they did about Religion: and that in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we shou'd have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is shock'd at the flight of Hector upon the first appearance of Achilles in the twenty-second Iliad. However (to shew my self a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuse, if not to defend it, in my notes on that Book. And to save my self what trouble I can, instead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the substance of what I have to say for it in a separate paper which I'll shew your Grace when next we meet. I will only desire you to allow me, that Hector was in an absolute certainty of death, and depress'd over and above with the conscience of being in an ill cause. If your heart be so great, as not to grant the first of these will sink the spirit of a Hero, you'll at least be so good, as to allow the second may: But I can tell your Grace, no less a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; " Sir, shew me a danger that I think

136 *Madam DACIER's Reflections*

"an imminent and real one, and I promise
 "you I'll be as much afraid as any of
 "you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

*Madam DACIER's Reflections on Mr POPE's
 Account of HOMER in his Preface to
 the ILIAD.*

UPON the finishing of the *second Edition* of my translation of *Homer*, a particular friend sent me a translation of part of Mr Pope's preface to his version of the *ILIAD*. As I do not understand *English*, I cannot form any judgment of his performance, tho' I have heard much of it. I am indeed willing to believe, that the praises it has met with are not unmerited, because whatever Work is approved by the *English* nation, cannot be bad; but yet I hope I may be permitted to judge of that part of the Preface which has been transmitted to me, and I here take the liberty of giving my sentiments thereon. I must freely acknowledge, that Mr Pope's *invention* is very lively, tho' he seems to have been guilty of the same fault into which he owns we are often precipitated by our *invention*, when we depend too much upon the strength of it: *As*
 magna-

magnanimity, says he, may run up to profusion and extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness.

This has been the very case of Mr Pope himself; nothing is more overstrained or more false than the Images in which his fancy has represented HOMER: Sometimes he tells us, that the I LIAD is a “wild Paradise, where, if we cannot see all the Beauties, as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater.” Sometimes he compares him to “a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind”; and lastly, he represents him under the notion of a “mighty tree, which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes and produces the finest fruit, but bears too many branches, which might be lopped into form, to give it a more regular appearance.”

What! Is Homer's Poem then, according to Mr Pope, a confused heap of Beauties, without order or symmetry; a plat whereon nothing but seeds, nor nothing perfect or formed is to be found; and a production loaded with many unprofitable things, which ought to be retrenched, and which choak or disfigure those which ought to be preserved?

The

The most inveterate enemies to *Homer*, never said any thing more injurious, or more unjust, against that Poet.

As I have defended him, with pretty good success, against the cavils of so many ignorant Censors, who have condemn'd him because they did not understand him. I find my self again obliged to defend him against the reproaches of one of greater penetration, and may therefore do him more injury in the minds of unlearned readers, tho' at the same time he pretends to have a great Veneration for him.

Mr *Pope* will pardon me then, if I here oppose these three comparisons, which to me appear very false, and entirely contrary to what the greatest, antient, and modern critics ever thought.

To the point then, the *ILIAD* is so far from being a wild paradise, that it is the most regular garden, and laid out with more symmetry than any ever was. Monsieur *le Nostre* *, who was the first man of the world in his art, never observed in his gardens a more perfect or more admirable symmetry, than *Homer* has observed in his poems. Every thing therein, is not only in the place it ought to have, but every thing is made for the place it hath. He presents you at *first* with that which ought
to

* Gardiner to Lewis XIV. He laid out the Gardens of Versailles, Marli, &c.

to be *first* seen, he places in the *middle* what ought to be in the *middle*, and what would improperly be, at the *beginning* or *end*; and he removes what ought to be at a greater distance, to create the more agreeable surprize; and, to use a comparison drawn from painting, he places that in the greatest *light* which cannot be too *visible*, and sinks, in the obscurity of the *shade*, what does not require a *full view*: so that it may be said, that *Homer* is the painter who best knew how to employ the shades and lights, and it was this wonderfully beauteous order which *Horace* admired in his poems, and on which he founded his rules for the perfecting of the *Art of Poetry*.

- The *second* comparison is as unjust: How could Mr *Pope* say, that one can only discover, "*Seeds and the first productions of every kind in the ILIAD?*" Every beauty is therein to so great a perfection, that the following ages could add nothing to those of any kind; and the antients have always proposed *Homer* as the most perfect model in all kinds of poetry.

The *third* comparison is composed of the errors of the *two* former; *Homer* had certainly an incomparable fertility of invention, but his fertility is always checked by that just sense, which made him reject every superfluous thing which his vast imagination could offer him, to retain only what was useful or
necessary

necessary. Judgment guided the hand of this admirable gardiner, and was the pruning-hook he employ'd to lop off every useless Branch; he has done what *Horace* directs.

Inutilesque falce ramos amputans feliciores inserit.

Mr Pope had done us a great piece of service, if he had pointed out the *useless* Branches that ought to be lopp'd from this tree. The *symmetry* which ought to be given to that wild garden to render it more *regular* and the *perfection* which is wanting to the several beauties, he says *Homer* has only *sketched out*; it would be very happy for the present age, and glorious to *England*, to have produced so perfect a critic.

Now I have defended *Homer*, I must also defend myself against a criticism he has made upon a part of my *Preface*; where speaking of the manners of *Homer's* Heroes, so like those of the Patriarchs, I have said, *I find these antient times so much the finer, as they the less resemble our own.* Upon this Mr Pope exclaims, *Who can be so prejudiced in their favour, as to magnify their felicity, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty reigned through the world, when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves*

slaves and concubines? Mr Pope sure mistook me!

When I said so, could I mean that the manners of these heroical times were *perfect* and without *fault*! Were they so in more happy times! Were there no tokens then of cruelty or revenge! Were there no captives made! Were there no kings put to the sword! Were there no concubines seen among them! And since the christian religion has taught a more perfect morality, was there never a spirit of revenge and cruelty seen amongst Christians! Do they not make no more prisoners of War! and do not they redeem them! Was there never a concubine, or something worse, seen among them! Did all these vices, which Mr Pope blames those antient times for, hinder nature from being then very plain, far from the luxury, pomp, and effeminacy which have corrupted the following ages! Are not these manners of *Homer's* Heroes very like those of the Patriarchs, and very unlike these of our own time! I might then say, that *those times and manners seemed so much the more excellent to me, as they less resemble those of our own.* Durst Mr Pope himself prefer the manners of the present age to those of the antient times! no, without doubt; for six lines after he embraces my opinion, which he had blamed: *I find,* says he, *a pleasure in observing the simplicity*
of

of that age, in opposition to the pomp and luxury of the following ages. One may then, according to his own sense, prefer those ages of natural simplicity to these that are corrupted with pomp and luxury.

I own I did not expect to find my self attacked by Mr *Pope*, in a *Preface* wherein I might have expected some small token of acknowledgment, or at least some slight approbation ; for having been so happy as to think on several things in the way he himself does, especially in the manners of the antients, after I had said in my *Preface*, “ That *Princes tended their flocks. That Princesses drew water at the spring,*” and brought examples to prove this from the holy scriptures, and the *Roman* history itself, I conclude with these words : *I love to see Juno dressing herself without the trinkets of a toilet, or the assistance of a waiting woman ; it is the same with the Heroes as with the Gods, one sees neither Footmen, nor Valets de Chambre, nor Guards about ACHILLES, AGAMEMNON, &c. HERCULES and THESEUS had none of these.* Mr *POPE* says the same thing, *There is a pleasure in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs.*

I am overjoyed to find that Mr *Pope* is as much in love with the simplicity of the antient times as I am ; it is a token that he
abhors

abhors the pomp and luxury of our own, and gives me reason to hope, that a little reflection will induce him to approve what I have said, and he has so unjustly condemned.

I could remark upon several other things in his *Preface* *, but I have not the leisure at present that this would require ; however, I cannot conclude without correcting two considerable errors Mr *Pope* is fallen into ; The *first*, when speaking of the FABLE, he says, HOMER *created a moving world for himself in the Invention of the fable*, or words to that effect. What does he mean by

* This *Preface* of Madam DACIER was written long before Mr POPE wrote *his*, and I think the lady is very modest when he uses her own words, to say that *she* was happy in having *thought* as *he* did ; tho' it is plain that he borrowed this *Thought* from her : And the Approbation of Mr Fraguier, who certainly was a good Judge, gives her an Encomium, that shews she is both an excellent Translatress and Critic, as all the world indeed owns her to be, except the *Illiterati*, who presume to run her down, that the public may not perceive how they enrich themselves with her spoils. I shall here insert the Approbation above-mentioned *verbatim*.

I have, by Order of my Lord Chancellor, read the *ILIAD* of *Homer*, translated into *French*, with Remarks by Madam DACIER, and I think that this Translation, (wherein the Beauties of the Original are so perfectly found) will be both an Honour to our Nation, and the present Age. Given at *Paris* this 1st Day of *December*, 1710.

Signed FRAGUIER.

by this ! when PLATO tells us, that *when God created time, he created a moving image of Eternity*. I understand that Language, it presents an idea to my mind, which I conceive, and find to be just and fine ; but to *create a moving world in the intention of the Fable*, is a confused idea, which I can neither unravel nor understand ; besides, there is not the least shadow of truth, to affirm that HOMER invented the FABLE ; it is much antienter, was invented long before his time, and he found the use of it wholly established, as I have shewn in my *Preface to the ODYSSEY* for HOMER's *Fable* is not at all different from the *Fables* of ÆSOP, as those are not all different from such as were in use a long time before him. All that HOMER has done, is, that he has built his *Epic Fable* on that first *Fable*, and extending it by his *Episodes*, gave it a Grandeur proportionable to his own views and designs ; it is for this reason that ARISTOTLE calls the *Fable, the Composition of things*, and says, very justly, that it is the *Soul of the Poem*.

The *second Error*, which is not less material, is, when speaking of poetical manners, Mr POPE says, *As there is more variety of Characters in the ILIAD, so there is of Speeches, than in any other Poem*. Every thing in it has Manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or
spoken

spoken. Nothing can be more repugnant to the Doctrine of that Philosopher, he never said that any one Thing has *Manners*, that is, that it is either *acted* or *spoken*. He says, on the contrary, that there are *Discourses without Manners*, and that in his Time there were many *Tragedies without Manners*, and yet there were both *Action* and *Discourse* in these *Dramas*: this is a sure Sign that *Manners* are neither *Actions* nor *Discourses*, since *Discourses* and *Actions* may be *without Manners*. What are *Manners* then, according to ARISTOTLE? *Manners*, says he, are *what discover the Inclination of the Person who speaks, and the side he will take upon any accident wherein it would not be easy to find him out*: therefore all *Discourses* that do not let you at first discover what he that speaks will resolve himself to do, are *without Manners*. It is astonishing that Mr POPE has not understood a thing which is so clearly explain'd in ARISTOTLE'S *Art of Poetry*, and in my *Preface* to the ODYSSEY. I refer that learned Man to these *two Works*, wherein he may satisfy himself concerning this Point.

The Faults I blame him for, are so trivial, that they ought not to hinder the *English Nation* from expecting from this *new Poet* the great advantages which are to be hoped for, from a *Reformer* of HOMER. So
L bright

bright a Man will not confine himself to perfect only the *Art of Epic Poesy*, that would be a trifling matter: No; he will perfect the *Art of Politics*! much more valuable and more important than that of *Epic Poesy*. A man capable to correct HOMER, will be able to form the Manners of Men; ALCIBIADES was of this opinion, for a *Grammarian* having made his brags before him, that he had in his closet an HOMER corrected with his own hand, *What! Friend*, said he, *art thou capable to correct HOMER? and dost thou waste thy time in teaching Children? why dost thou not apply thy self to form the Manners of Men.*

Of what infinite consequence then, will Mr POPE be to a State, since he can reform HOMER!

Anne le Fevre Dacier.



LETTERS

OF

Mr BLOUNT to Mr POPE.

IT is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a stile that shows you full of health, and in the midst of diversions: I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his Hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek Historians; who generally are ill understood thro' the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going to set us right; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and Zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to get to

Heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unfavouring zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a *Barceloniad* (if I may venture to coin such a word) I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery: and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Religio potuit, &c.

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the usual ceremony of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wish the peace and welfare of
my

my country ; and my morals and politics, teach me to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor Papists ; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in our selves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief ; yet I will confess that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know, that their Ancestor was great with Mr Pope.

I am, &c.

From the same.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure, and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials ; and am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you

please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turn'd to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been open'd in the North? what ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers? However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I don't remember you and I ever used to trouble our selves about politics, but when any matter happen'd to fall into our discourse, we us'd to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity; how many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold? If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the Echo at your ease; indeed we are forc'd to do so, because we can't hear the first report, and therefore are oblig'd to listen to the second;

cond; which for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

'Tis a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate him a little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be like him engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both: I find my self very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which I am perswaded brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner and with all sincerity,

Your, &c.

Mr BLOUNT died at London, 1726.



LETTERS OF

Mr DIGBY to Mr POPE.

Colehill. Apr. 17, 1718.

I Have read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show, we have a curiosity to peep at 'em and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are in enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never

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ver believe; our uninform'd minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her; and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the spoils of Rapine as boys do the English rogue, and hug our selves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer.

I am, &c.

Mr DIGBY to Mr POPE.

May 21, 1270.

YOUR letter which I had two posts ago was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, 'till after reading your letter I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy

joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very sincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes however to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two Essays you mention are not compleated; but if you expect no great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoyce with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning; the hedges breath is beyond all perfume; and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you,
by

by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you? if I see you I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstance will prevent my project of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and (I fear) of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico.

Your, &c.

Mr DIGBY to Mr POPE.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is I find quite changed since I left it, tho' it is not above three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a Philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party-rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be
no

156 LETTERS *from Mr DIGBY*

no such disease any more as spleen in this new golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good-humour when I come up to town; I rejoyce in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, &c.

Mr DIGBY to Mr POPE.

Sherburne, July 30.

I Congratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the Golden Age, for sure this must be such, in which money is shower'd down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a Court, when I find you frequently with a First-minister, I can't but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know

I know you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is set up and worshipped, and if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this Inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, tho' assisted by this increase: if so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any Spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of genius's, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, &c.

Mr DIGBY to Mr POPE.

Colehill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the publick Spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the common-wealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered

ferred in the South Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole*. I know not whether I do not rejoyce in your sufferings; since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment. I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendor. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your Mother, and your Villa; 'till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw in my return hither. Soon after Christmas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause.

cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself your, &c.

Mr DIGBY to Mr POPE.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new Idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and as I think of a right mind. what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing her it is unnecessary.

I am troubled and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours,
and

and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you. So truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men; for tho' I am not troubled overmuch about the opinion most may have of me, yet I own it wou'd grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this further security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health hath for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling it's warmth, and not suffering it to break out in action. But I hope I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, tho' not so well grounded; these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom

whom I love! indeed I remember him as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have Honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I must acknowledge now; that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room left to ask you many questions I intended about the Odyssy. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how spring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? hard names to spell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approved? what parties have you had

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of pleasure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, &c.

To the Hon. EDWARD DIGBY.

April 29, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words express what part I bear in your suffering. Nature and esteem in you are join'd to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than my self of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue, which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of it's being removed from our sight, from our affection and

and from our imitation. The friendship and society of good men does but compleat their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arriv'd to their degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them as long as in it's justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well and have acted well to that meaning; and I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each, just as we think he would have done: so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and more in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be ever more separated from him. I will add but one word (that relates to what remains of your self and me since so valued a part of us is gone) it is to beg you to accept as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warm-

ly his and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is while I continue to be

A. P.

The honourable Robert Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of Sherburne in Dorsetshire, with the following Epitaph written by the Author.

Go ! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modest Wisdom, and pacific Truth :
Compos'd in Suff'rings, and in Joy sedate,
Good without noise, without Pretension great.
Just of thy Word ; in ev'ry Wish sincere ;
Who knew no Wish but what the World might hear;
Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind :
Go live ! for Heav'n's eternal Year is thine ;
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.



LET.



LETTERS

T O

HUGH BETHEL, Esq; &c.

From 1723 to 1735.

July 12, 1723.

 Affure you unfeignedly, any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who know those tenders of affection from you, are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer: but if I did want 'em, I shou'd not think my self unhappy in receiving 'em at your hands: this really is some compliment, for

I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand: much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But Humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a Ditch or on a Terras; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances.—Let me know how I may convey over the Odysses for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of Ulysses: I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of re-
turning

turning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book * wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of Truth, and branch'd out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the *Odyssey*. The very women read it, and pretend to be charm'd with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about Truth, since this book appear'd, as they did about Health when Dr Cheyne's came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

* Mr WOLLASTON's Religion of Nature delineated.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination that I am much employ'd by other people. For tho' my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the high-way side and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed

without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. † as on the fate of a mortal man: Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him whom they so grossly follow'd and flatter'd in the former scene of his life, shew'd them as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believ'd of him. For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithfulness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you cou'd have no great value for this Great Man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entring under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the

† The Earl of Cadogan, who died July 17, 1726.

the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. 'Tis the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pull'd up, that I remember'd ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself, so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses you tell me you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: The strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr Blount. Whoever has any portion of good nature will suffer on these occasions, but a good mind rewards it's own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am
of

of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me doceret lachrymis* — I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding City. I am only to stay out my lease, for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twickenham, as long as I am Host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and considerate, (things few People can be charged with.) Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking often of you. I know the world too well, not to value you; who are an example of acting, living and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this Light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself

in

in my service. But I wou'd have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world; but those offices that are necessary duties either to our friends or our selves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be own'd, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) thro' their own means. But still I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures, than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event * which has just now happened, puts the whole world (I mean

* King George I. died June 10, 1727.

(I mean this whole world) into a new state! The only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the Disparity of men from themselves in a weeks time: the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures: and that strange spirit and life, with which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their solicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while, as a Philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the Bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them.

Yours, &c.

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing of my Boyish Letters to Mr Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and I am sure my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there's in it; but a little too

too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any Letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt after my death by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of my self to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London; Curiosity and the love of dissipation dye apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual Trust. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence

dence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the Insipid, the Disagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relish'd long: and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost intirely for that which is the most out-of-fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyrick, and perhaps my own too, for next to possessing the best of qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess it. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere Esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without saying something of my own Condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent*, which really would have troubled you;

* Mrs Pope died the seventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twittenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant) and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend, who deserves more quiet and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradise, I heartily hope Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral and physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: There will be in it one line * that may offend you, (I fear) and yet
I will

* Shall burning *Ætna*, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her Fires!
On Air or Sea new motions be impress'd,
O blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?

I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny my self the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor Poet can do, to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach; besides, that in this age, I have too few good examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am.

Adieu,



To

*To Mr FENTON.**May 5, 1717.*

I Had not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr Craggs will expect you on the rising of the Parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive a man *de Belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquility and full leisure. I dare say your way of life (which in my taste will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world) must prove highly to your contentment. And I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philosophical diet for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will

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enter

enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you?

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, what I am doing? I answer, just what I have been doing some years, my duty: secondly, relieving my self with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company. My mother is, I thank God, the easier if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know my self. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undefining men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

A. P O P E.

Epitaph

Epitaph on Mr *Elijah Fenton*, at *Esthampstead* in
Berks, 1730 *

This modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, *Here lies an honest Man*.
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great :
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and Here
Saw nothing to regret, or There to fear ;
From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had Liv'd, and that he Dy'd.

A. POPE.

* See *Crashaw's* Epitaph on Mr *Ashton*, p. 122 of
his Poems, to whom Mr POPE forgot to acknow-
ledge his Obligation for this Compliment paid Mr *Fen-*
ten.

On Mr *ASHTON*, a *conformable* Citizen.

The modest Front of this small Floor,
Believe me Reader, can say more :
Than many a braver Marble can
Here lies a truly honest Man.
One whose Conscience was a Thing
That troubled neither Church nor King.
Peace, which he lov'd in Life, did lend
Her Hand to bring him to his End :
When Age and Death call'd for the Score
No Surfeits were to reckon for.
Death tore not, therefore, but *sans* Strife
Gently untwin'd his *Thread of Life*.

R. CRASHAW.

To JABEZ HUGHES, Esq;

SIR,

I Have read over again your brother's play *, with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any Tragedy.

The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever.

I am glad of an Occasion to give you, under my Hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the Author,

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

* The *Siege of Damascus*, written by John Hughes, Esq; who died Feb. 17, 1719, the first Night of it's Representation.

To

To Mr * —

Sept. 17.

THE gayety of your letter proves you not so studious of Wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those Lawyers who deserve the motto of the Devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, Health. What an advantageous circumstance is it, for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you like a Pigeon (to which I would sooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor Squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are but like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the

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while.

* Fortescue (or Murray, *utrum horum, &c.*) on the Circuit.

while, Your letter of the Cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to please the sex, better than half the novels they read ; there would be in them what they love above all things, a most happy union of Truth and Scandal. I assure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it : It is on the contrary full of grave and sad men, Mr Baron S. Lord Chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent Judge.

Yours, &c.



To

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

[*In answer to a Letter, in which he inclosed the Description of Buckingham-house written by him to the D. of Shrewsbury.*]

P L I N Y was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe if any of his cotemporary authors durst have inform'd the public where they lodg'd, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleetstreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret, therefore we may presume that then as well as now-a-days, no body knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodgings at all: he first introduc'd himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota* — an observation which probably he had not made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm, but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I

think he would have talk'd so feelingly of the shortness of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have chang'd both his Houses for your Grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter; and must be own'd to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make, by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and the several parts of it so detach'd one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in one of my poetical fits I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages, having taken a country dance together, had been all out, and stood stone still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me if I say nothing of the Front, indeed I don't know which it is? A stranger would be grievously disappointed
who

who endeavour'd to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the Porch, to be let into the Hall; alas nothing less! you find your self in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ears and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find it's altars like those of the Ancients, continually smoaking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flank'd on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: The walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuffes, and a rusty match-lock musket or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is a vast arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers scutchions of painted glass: one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a Knight whose iron armour is long since perish'd with rust, and whose alabaster nose is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in
her

her life. After this, who can say glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think, that the most authentic record of so ancient a Family should lie at the mercy of every boy that flings a stone. In former days, there have dined in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by Ushers, Sewers, and Senêchals; and yet it was but last night, that an Owl flew hither and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threshold into the great parlour. It's contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mil-dew'd pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally, as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand or other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole call'd the chaplain's study; then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the servants hall, and by the side of it, up six
steps,

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM. 187

steps, the old Lady's closet for her private devotions, which has a lettice into the hall; that at the same time she pray'd, she might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all twenty six apartments, among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press.

The Kitchen is built in form of a Rotunda, being one vast Vault to the top of the roof; where the same aperture serves to let out the smoak and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted Tiger stuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms, you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In most of these there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels:

Were

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Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and rusty locks. The roof is so decay'd, that after a favourable shower we may expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabbins of packet boats. These rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain Rats whose very age renders them worthy of this seat, for the very Rats of this venerable house are grey: since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant the poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small substance left them, in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I have described, but for a starch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walk'd out of it's frame. He entertain'd us as we pass'd from room to room with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when we came to the Cellar. He informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hoop'd hog-sheads

heads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (says he, "with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once "master of all this drink! He had two "sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell "ill in this very room, and never went out "on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to show us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding stone-steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nail'd up, and our guide whisper'd to us as a secret the occasion of it: It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter is hush'd up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description: but what engaged me in it was a generous principle, to preserve the memory

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mory of that, which it self must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant? and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof? Any one who sees it will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the Dead. I had been to blame indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with some of the best of 'em, and shall therefore as soon as possible tell you in person how much,

I am, &c.

To

*To the Earl of OXFORD.*O^{ct}. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordship may be surpriz'd at the liberty I take in writing to you ; tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserv'd it. I hope you will not wonder if I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant ; but I own I have an ambition yet farther to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your Lordship the trouble of this. Poor Parnell, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his : I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating 'em all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to Truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honest verses to the book. I send the book it self, which I dare say you'll receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can

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can from any thing written upon the subject of your self. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it? All I shall say for it is, that 'tis the only Dedication I ever writ, and shall be the only one, whither you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always, my Lord,

Your, &c.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr POPE.

Bramton Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclos'd? My mind reproach'd me how far short I
came

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr POPE. 193

Came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what streights does this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr Pope, Mr Parnel, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew You admitted me to your friendship: And since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact Copy of the verses, that I may keep the Original, as a testimony of the only Error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am,

Your, &c.

Oxford.

To

LETTERS

O F

Mr GAY and Mr POPE.

To Mr * F***.

Stanton Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors, of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escap'd: the only thing that is proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stands still undefac'd, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sate two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-

* Fortescue.

well-set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age: They had pass'd thro' the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppy's and field flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July between two or three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightned, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her

side, having raked together two or three heaps the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being return'd to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoak, and then spy'd this faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were both struck dead in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was sing'd, and there appear'd a black spot on her breast; her Lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be plac'd over them, upon condition that we should furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows;

*When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful fair expire;
Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd.
Sent his own lightning, and the Victims seiz'd.*

But

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold. *

Yours, &c.

Mr GAY to Mr POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter: I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs Blount my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seem'd in the letter she writ to be in high health and spirits. Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body hath health and spirits enough to support 'em: I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from Dependence, tho' I have less Attendance than I had formerly;

O 3

for

* See the *Epitaph* which is erected to their Memory in *Literary Correspondence*, Vol. II. pag. 147.

for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be dispos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wish one of us had it: I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs Blount and Mrs Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and by the indignation such fellows show against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Duchess makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr Congreve admires with me your fortitude; and loves, not envies your performances, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

Mr POPE to Mr GAY.

Oct. 1730.

IT is true that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only that I am in being, which in truth is of little

con-

consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off, by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness. I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once, and that I might live to see you as happy, as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my Age encreases: not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter: but my mind finds no amendment, nor improvement, nor support to lean upon from those about me: and so I feel my self leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, but those too warm in the concerns of the world for me to keep pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit, from my youth made me have but one strong desire; all other Ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, &c. conspir'd to remove far from me: That desire was to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care

nor labour to be notic'd by the rest of mankind. I propose no rewards to my self, and why should I take any sort of pains? here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with so little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am with the same truth as ever,

Yours, &c.

To the same.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOur letter is a very kind one, but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immers'd in the country. I hope your return to Town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake: We have liv'd little together of late, and we want to be physicians to one another. It was a
remedy

remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum similitudo*, &c. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the whole age seems resolv'd to justify the *Dunciad*, and it may stand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inscription, like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perish'd*! There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were Bards in Britain; and (like the *Giants* at *Guildhall*) show the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: At present the poet Laureat and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltshire has appear'd at Amesbury, or the Duchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted genius's, in Court and Country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs Howard talks of you, tho' not in the same breath with

with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or convers'd with Mr Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltshire? I have read thro' his whole volume with admiration of the writer: tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library? adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so to the last. Mrs Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, tho' it be the barr to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly,

Your, &c.

To

To the same.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cottrell tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort, in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle, and the waters roar. The fun gives us a parting look, but 'tis but a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you cou'd be here 'till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures; nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience sake, that you shou'd come to town, and that the Duchess shou'd stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke shou'd lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make Man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truss up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their

Relations

Relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual Dictator of the stage; tho' indeed while he lived, he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However Ambition finds something to be gratify'd with, in a mere name; or else, God have mercy upon poor Ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loss which to prefer, but for my own part, I like none so well as Mr Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your muse on this occasion: I am sure I would do as much for the Duchess of Queensberry, if she desir'd it. Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you: one should not bear in mind all one's life, any little indignity received from a Court; and therefore I'm in hopes neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of † *Miscellanies* is just published, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and I assure you no one more than,

Yours, &c.

† Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies*, Vol. IV.

Mr GAY to Mr POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at last return'd from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We were often entertain'd with sea views and sea fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunster Castle near Minehead: It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel; in which are seen two small Islands, call'd the steep Holms and flat Holms, and on t'other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields on the Welsh coast. All this journey I perform'd on horseback, and I am very much

much disappointed that at present I feel my self so little the better for it. I have indeed follow'd riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it: so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complain'd of is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience.

As to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclination, and I heartily repent of it. And at present as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses upon these sublime occasions, so that I have no emulation. Let the Patrons enjoy the Authors and the Authors their Patrons, for I know my self unworthy.

I am, &c.

The

*Mr POPE to Mr GAY.**Cirencester.*

IT is a true saying that misfortunes alone prove one's friendships, they show us not only other peoples for us, but our own for them. We hardly know our selves any otherwise. I feel my being forc'd to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tenderneffes and affections. I fet out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my Mother's death (especially should it happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never since I knew you been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: This absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanted to you, than once it seem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The

The journey has a good deal disorder'd me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks and is in spirits all day long: I rejoice to see him so. It is a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them: for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with 'em: any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow my self. The worst is, that reading and writing which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasinesses of body I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved*, (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that Temper by sacrificing
your

your self to others, out of a mistaken tenderness which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L— to live out of a Court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt your self your own: Spirits would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Sense*.

You can't conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and chearfulness grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

Te ———
Y Our letter dated at nine a clock on Tuesday (night as I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one a clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the present cause of our trouble be so much greater. † Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart: so honest an one, that I wish her Master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and, if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has depriv'd us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So

† Mr Gay died 1732, aged 46.

So will the death of my Mother be !
which now I tremble at, now resign to,
now bring close to me, now set farther off :
Every day alters, turns me about, and con-
fuses my whole frame of mind. Her dan-
gerous distemper is again return'd, her fever
coming onward again, tho' less in pain ; for
which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and
receive nothing to be call'd a pleasure in it,
equivalent to countervail either the death of
one I have so long lived with, or the loss of
one I have so long lived for. I have nothing
left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort ;
the last we usually think of, tho' the only
one we should in wisdom depend upon, in
such a disappointing place as this. I sit in
her room, and she is always present before
me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so
well : I have shed many tears, but now I
weep at nothing. I would above all things
see you, and think it would comfort you
to see me so equal-temper'd and so quiet.
But pray dine here : you may, and she
know nothing of it ; for she dozes much,
and we tell her of no earthly thing lest it
run in her mind, which often trifles have
done. If Mr Bethel had time, I wish he
were your companion hither. Be as much
as you can with each other : Be assur'd I
love you both, and be farther assur'd, that
friendship will encrease as I live on.



LETTERS

Between the EARL of

PETERBOROW, Mr POPE,

Dean SWIFT, &c.

My Lord,

Aug. 24, 1728.



Presume you may before this time be returned from the contemplation of many Beauties animal and vegetable in Gardens; and possibly some rational in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was
twenty

twenty years ago, or I wou'd say there are some very reasonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year : and with all the disadvantageous incumbrance of quality, parts, and honour, as meer a gardiner, loyterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a Lord * degraded or attainted : methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer : *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima Sapientia*, which is more than can be said by most modern Nobility of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitia*. The great Turk, you know, is often a Gardiner, or of a meaner trade : and are there not (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the great Turk ? The two Paradises are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry ; and some there are (not to name my Lord Bolingbroke) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Musselmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton ; and our Ministers I dare say have less to do. Our

214 LETTERS of the E. of Peterborow,
weekly histories are only full of feasts given
to the Queen and Royal Family by their
servants, and the long and laborious walks
her majesty takes every morning. Yet if
the graver Historians hereafter shall be silent
of this year's events, the amorous and
anecdotal may make posterity some a-
mends, by being furnished with the gallan-
tries of the Great at home; and 'tis some
comfort, that if the Men of the next age
do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been absent,
I've not been to wait on a certain great
man, thro' modesty, thro' idleness, and
thro' respect. But for my comfort I fancy,
that any great man will as soon forget one
that does him no harm, as he can one that
has done him any good. Believe me my
Lord,

Yours, &c.

A. POPE.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Must confess that in going to Lord
Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity.
I went thither to see what I had seen, and
what I was sure to like.

I had the idea of those gardens so fixt
in my imagination by many descriptions,
that nothing surprized me; Immensly,
and

and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joyning in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expreffion, I confefs the ftately Sachariffa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the fubject, and wonder at your miftake: why will you imagine women infenfible to Praife, much lefs to yours? I have feen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am fure the Farmerefs at Bevis in her higheft mortifications, in the middle of her Lent, would feel emotions of vanity, if fhe knew you gave her the character of a reafonabe woman.

You have been guilty again of another miftake which hinder'd me fhowing your letter to a friend: when you join two ladies in the fame compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleafe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more difpofed to criticife your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and fuch folks have brought about great things in former days: but what are they, Sir, who without policy in our times can make ten

216 LETTERS of the E. of Peterborow,
treaties in a year, and secure everlasting
Peace?

I can no longer disagree with you, tho' in jest. O how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your Esteem of that most noble title, Loiterer: If I were a man of many plums †, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Laziness; No man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Yours, &c.

Mr POPE to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU were in a very Polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to shew your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true my Lord, you know women, as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so un-

† A modern *Cant Term* for a 100,000 l. Man.

uncharitable in your opinion of them? surely one lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, Reason, when Beauty is uncontested? Venus herself could allow Minerva to be Goddess of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought) on a better account. I do say, that Lady P* is a reasonable woman; and I think she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon Esteeming her, instead of Toasting her like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shown your letter to one who would take it candidly.

But for God's sake, what have you said about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of Heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd against Æolus, or, (like Xerxes) whipp'd the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

I'll give him flash for flash —

I'll give him dash for dash —

But

But all now is safe ; the Poets are preparing songs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses imployed in celebrating a Royal work, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Westminster. I think Swift, Gay, and I, could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expensive : but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount Bevis ? Do as I do, even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader season : 'tis all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed they say 'tis sometimes so just before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears. Or if you, my Lord, should be prick'd on by any old-fashion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it necessary for the
General

General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion ; meet them at Spit-head, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concern'd ; and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigg'd out on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you as may be happy and honourable !

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day ; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppress'd with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country ; however if alive, I must make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you showed one letter you may show the other ; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of Omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me Polemic, or associate me to any Sect or Corporation, provided

220 LETTERS *of the E. of* Peterborow,
provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacific Politicians of the present age. I have read over † Barclay in vain, and find, after a stroak given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow : all I can bring my self to, is to bear mortification from the Fair sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I should allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise, or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me : so Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you Pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way : You know we always make Goddesses of those we adore upon earth, and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside Reason in what relates to the Deity.

'Tis well the Poets are preparing songs of joy, 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's, pray when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place

† Barkley's Apology for the Quakers.

place as odd, and as much out of the way,
as himself,

Yours, &c.

From the same.

WHenever you apply as a good Papist
to your female Mediatrix, you are
sure of success; but there is not a full assu-
rance of your entire submission to Mother-
church, and that abates a little of your au-
thority. However if you will accept of
country letters, she will correspond from the
haycock, and I will write to you upon the
side of my wheelbarrow: surely such let-
ters might escape examination!

Your Idea of the golden Age is, that
every shepherd might pipe where he pleased.
As I have lived longer, I am more mode-
rate in my wishes, and would be content
with the liberty of not piping where I am
not pleased.

O how I wish, to my self and my
friends, a freedom which Fate seldom al-
lows, and which we often refuse our selves!
why is our Shepherdess in voluntary fla-
very? why must our Dean submit to the
Colour of his coat, and live absent from us?
and

222 LETTERS of the E. of Peterborow,
and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon You, to be sprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption,

Your, &c.

From the same.

r732.

I Am under the greatest impatience to see Dr Swift at Bevis-Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst many good men hold, that for a good end some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to my self, because I know you wish me well; I am cur'd of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth,

I was possess'd with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for Truth, and a faucy love for my Country.

When a Christian Priest preached against the Spirit of the Gospel, when an English Judge determined against Magna Charta, when the Minister acted against common-Sense, I used to fret.

Now Sir, let what will happen, I keep my self in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears: but as things of this world, I find my self in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary enquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

If the Translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or what I
more

222. LETTERS of the E. of Peterborow,
 more fear, if the Draper of Ireland accuse
 the English-man of want of spirit; I silence
 you both with one line out of your own
 Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis è
 pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be
 so corrupted; that a cure in any part would
 be of little avail.

Yours, &c.

*From Dean SWIFT to the Earl of
 PETERBOROW.*

My Lord,

I Never knew or heard of any person so
 volatile and so fixt as your Lordship:
 You, while your imagination is carrying
 you through every corner of the world
 where you have, or have not been, can at
 the same time remember to do offices of fa-
 vour and kindness to the meanest of your
 friends; and in all the scenes you have
 passed, have not been able to attain that
 one quality peculiar to a great man, of for-
 getting every thing but injuries. Of this I
 am a living witness against you, for being
 the most insignificant of all your old humble
 servants, you were so cruel as never to give
 me time to ask a favour, but prevented me

in

in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admir'd at the capriciousness of fortune, in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims; to make you a General, because you had courage and conduct; an Embassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an Admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs, whereas according to the usual method of Court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the Army, and you of the church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Arch-Bishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Ministry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think

Q you

226 LETTERS *from Mr POPE,*

you have no house. Pray my Lord write to me, that I may have the pleasure in this scoundrel-country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow,

I am, &c.

To Lord BATHURST.

Sept. 23.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vast Wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the * Self-taught Philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you? I remember the latter of those I mention'd, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I don't think it at all impossible that Mr L* may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns toward the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleas'd to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time as birds are tam'd by being whirl'd about; and doubtless come not to de-

* The Title of an Arabic Treatise of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.

despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, (tho' naturally he seems more inclin'd to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber : for as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.*) I wish my self with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion your Lordship has a loss of me ; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesc'd at night in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep ! And so we ended, unless immediate Revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, in a Vision in Bed. But laying aside Theory, I am told you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be ? A new Building is like a new Church, when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences ; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there's an end of miracles at once.

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood, about designing a princely garden.* Several Critics were of several opinions : One de-

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clar'd

* The Royal Gardens at Richmond.

clar'd he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping Nature: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of loose sand: A third advis'd peremptorily there should not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation; a fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to Horse-chestnuts, which he affirm'd not to be Trees, but Weeds; Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the Trees were proscrib'd, contrary to the Paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens; some, who were angry at them only when cut into Shapes, and gave the modern Gard'ners the name of Ever-green Taylors; some who had no dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have 'em cut in Forest-trees; and some, who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipt Hedges, which they call'd Green Walls. These (my Lord) are our Men of Taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing: Sure such a Taste is like such a Stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of Critics in Poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot relish Tragedies, another hates Pastorals, all little Wits

de-

delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, we have the same in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furnish'd, or very oddly trim'd.

I have lately been with my Lord * who is a zealous, yet charitable Planter, and has so bad a Taste, as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the *Bath*, and if he can go and return to *London* in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your Lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you,

I am, &c.

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of Chandos wrote to Mr Pope on this Occasion.

Q 3

LET

LETTERS

TO and FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr POPE.

Oct. 19, 1705.

I Return you the book you were pleas'd to lend me, and with it your obliging letter, which deserves my particular acknowledgments; for next, to the pleasure of enjoying the company of so good a friend, the welcomest thing to me is to hear from him. I expected to find, what I have met with, an admirable genius in those poems, not only because they were *Milton's* †, or were approv'd by Sir *Henry Wotton*, but because you had commended them; and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body so like to equal him, even at the age he wrote most of them, as your self. Only do not afford more cause of complaints against you, that you suffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true sense is more scarce than money, is a piece of such cruelty as your friends can hardly

† LYCIDAS. L'Allegro. Il Penseroso. The Masque of COMUS, 1634.

hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend ; I could offer many reasons to this purpose, and such as you cannot answer with any sincerity ; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a stile of compliment, which has been so abused by fools and knaves, that it is become almost scandalous. I conclude therefore with an assurance which shall never vary,

Of my being ever, &c.

W. TRUMBULL.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, died at *East-hampstead* in *Berkshire*, 1716, where he has erected the following Epitaph to his Memory.

A Pleasing Form ; a firm, yet cautious Mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd ;
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest :
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too ;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth,
A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free ;
A Love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny ;
Such this Man was ; who now from Earth
remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

An Imitation of MARTIAL'S *Epigram* on
 ANTONIUS PRIMUS; (referred to in a
 Letter from Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL,
Jan. 19, 1715-6) *Literary Corresp.*
 VOL. I. *Octavo*, pag. 110.
Jam numerat placido felix ANTONIUS ævo, &c.

AT length my Friend (while Time with still
 career
 Waits on his gentle wing his *Eightieth* year)
 Sees his past Days safe out of Fortune's Pow'r,
 Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
 Reviews his Life, and in the strict Survey
 Finds not one Moment he could wish away;
 Pleas'd with the Series of each happy Day. }
 Such, such a Man extends his Life's short space
 And from the Goal again reviews the Race:
 For he lives twice, who can at once employ,
 The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

An Additional passage to a Letter, to
 Mr BLOUNT, *Sept. 8, 1717*, *Literary Cor-*
resp. VOL. I. *Octavo*, pag. 168.

"I have been lately reading *Jeffery* of *Mon-*
mouth, in the translation of a Clergyman in
 "my neighbourhood. He wanted my help
 "to versify the Prayer of BRUTUS, made
 "when he was much in our circumstances*,
 "inquiring in what land to set up his Seat,
 "and worship like his Fathers."

Goddess

* As Papists.

GOddeſs of Woods, tremendous in the Chace,
 To Mountain Wolves and all the ſavage Race,
 Wide o'er th'aërial Vault extend thy ſway,
 And o'er th'infernal Regions void of Day,
On thy Third Reign look down; diſcloſe our Fate,
 In what new Nation ſhall we fix our Seat?
 When ſhall we next thy hallow'd Altars raiſe,
 And Choirs of Virgins celebrate thy Praise?

N. B. In this Letter Mr *Pope* has omitted one of the late Earl of OXFORD's Political Apophthegms.

To a LADY Abroad.

Madam,

I Can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and tho' it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine Lady to a Sybil, your leaves methinks like hers are too good to be committed to the winds, tho' I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D - - -, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You contriv'd to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that
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whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience: The other is, the justice you do me, in taking what I write to you in the serious manner it was meant. It is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which above all I desire to be thought serious: It would be vexatious indeed, if you should pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improv'd by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not been entirely unfaithful to my thoughts.

May your faith be increased in all truths, that are as great as this, and depend upon it to whatever degree it may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities, as well deserving to be half-laughed at and half esteem'd, as most hearts in the world.

It's grand *foible* in regard to you, is the most like reason of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this heart is not like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, or with empty spaces, to be supply'd as fast as Interest or Ambition can fill them: but is every inch of it let out into lodgings for it's friends, and shall never want a corner where

where your idea will always lie as warm, and as close, as any idea in Christendom.

If this distance (as you are so kind to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious upon that account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation may interpose between you and the place you design for; and that you were restored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are come as far as ----- do you only look back to die twice? is Eurydice once more snatch'd to the shade? If ever mortal had reason to hate the King, it is I, whose particular misfortune it is, to be almost the only innocent person he has made to suffer; both by his Government at home, and his Negotiations abroad.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; that all the road might be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. It is not now my interest to wish England agreeable: It is highly probable it may use me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal Earth my own? Yet
it

it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, what was most agreeable in it should first be snatch'd away from it.

I could overtake you with pleasure in ---- and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I should at least attend you to the sea coasts, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you. But perhaps I might care as little to stay behind you ; and be full as uneasy to live in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was persecuted myself by the rogues of yours. And it is not impossible I might run into Asia in search of liberty ; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of freemen ?

In good earnest if I knew your motions, and your exact time ; I verily think I should be once more happy in a sight of you next spring.

I'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.



To Mrs BLOUNT.

Madam,

1715.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season ; when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon : and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dress'd in it (which by the way I don't like the better for the red ; the leaves I think are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow : for I doubt not but Gods works here, are what comes nearest to his works there ; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven ; as on the contrary a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and it's furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive that stroke which I believe is coming upon me, and have fully resign'd
my

my self to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think of with less pain; for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall be, that state must be right: But I cannot think without tears of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful, that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or pursu'd here: for else what a torment would it be to a spirit, still to love those creatures it is quite divided from? Unless we suppose, that in a more exalted life, all that we esteem'd in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I'm sensible would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to show this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not your self be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think *quite so far*, as I am now led to do; but to think *a little towards it*, is what will make you the happier and the easier at all times.

There are no pleasures, or amusements, that I don't wish you, and therefore 'tis no small grief to me that I shall for the future be
less

is able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence; I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and I pity from my soul whoever quits the latter.

I am griev'd at Mr GAY's condition in this last respect of dependence. He has Merit, good Nature, and Integrity, three qualities that I fear are too often lost upon great men; or at least are not all three a match for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery. I wish it may not soon or late displace him from the favour he now possesses, and seems to like.

I am, &c.

To a LADY, on SINCERE Letters.

Madam,

I Am not at all concern'd to think that this letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a friend that will think a kind letter as good as a diverting one. He who gives you his mirth makes a much less present than he who gives you his heart; and true friends wou'd rather see such thoughts as they communicate only

only to one another, than what they squander about to all the world. They who can set a right value upon any thing, will prize one tender, well-meant word, above all that ever made them laugh in their lives. If I did not think so of you, I should never have taken much pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any thing else. Wit, I am sure I want; at least in the degree that I see others have it, who wou'd at all seasons alike be entertaining; but I wou'd willingly have some qualities that may be (at some seasons) of more comfort to my self, and of more service to my friends. I wou'd cut off my own head, if it had nothing better than wit in it; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better dispositions than to love only my self, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I cou'd have seen you every day, and imagin'd my company cou'd have every day pleas'd you, I shou'd scarce have thought it worth my while to please the world. How many verses cou'd I gladly have left unfinish'd, and turn'd into it, for people to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a thing I am much less covetous

covetous of, than your Friendship; for that I hope will last all my life, the other I cannot answer for. What if they shou'd both grow greater after my death? alas! they wou'd both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

*To the Hon. Mrs **. On the same Subject.*

ALL the pleasure or use of familiar letters, is to give us the assurance of a friend's welfare; at least 'tis all I know, who am a mortal enemy and despiser of what they call fine letters. In this view I promise you, it will always be a satisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a subject to display their fine sentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be said, 'till something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your style: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I wou'd not give a farthing for such letters, unless I were to sell 'em to be printed. Methinks I have lost the Mrs L * I formerly knew, who writ and talk'd like other people, (and sometimes better.) You must allow me to

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say,

say, you have not said a sensible word in all your letter, except where you speak of shewing kindness and expecting it in return : but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the style of wit an abomination. To shew you how very unsatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you've never told me how you did ? Indeed I see 'twas absolutely necessary for me to write to you, before you continu'd to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you are to expect ; that is to say, Kindness, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return ; and not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concern'd, because judgment is a better thing ; and if I had, I wou'd make use of it rather to play upon those I despis'd, than to trifle with those I loved. You see in short, after what manner you may most agreeably write to me : tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loss about that article. As I have open'd my mind upon this to you, it may also serve for Mr H * who will see by it what manner of letters he must expect if he corresponds with me. As I am too seriously yours and his servant to put turns upon you instead of good wishes, so in return I shou'd have nothing but honest plain how d'ye's and pray remember me's ; which not being fit to be shown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correspond only for
our

our selves, in meer friendliness; as doth,
God is my witness,

Your very, &c.

From Dr ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extreemly oblig'd to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despicable thing in the world. This blow has so rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicksome and gay he is turn'd grave and morose. His lucubrations lye neglected amongst old news-papers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been amongst the papers of a noble Lord * sealed up. Then might *Scriblerus* have pass'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the Flying Post or sum such author, to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's Office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr Parnel, Mr Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret. It is with some

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plea-

* Earl of *Sunderland*.

sure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste; only that I will never forgive you if you don't use my foresaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

*To Mr C****.*

Sept. 2, 1732.

I Affure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I cou'd be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is
what

what you guess ; I could not esteem your conduct, to an object of misery so near you as Mrs ----- and I have often hinted it to your self : The truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no farther cause of complaint for the unhappy lady gives me now no farther pain ; she is no longer an object either of yours, or my compassion ; the hardships done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concern'd in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the Test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualify'd from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent Commerce. I'll name you the obstacles which I can't surmount : want of health, want of time, want of good eyes ; and one yet stronger than ail, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns to my private friends ; I hardly dare, while there are *Curlls* * in the World. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the ma-

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lice

* Which in all Probability may be as long as there are POPES.

lice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Bookfellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general; you'll confess I have small reason to indulge correspondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends wou'd send me back those forfeitures of my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the years End those trifling letters which can be to them but a days amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive, as the aforesaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scriblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some Party Papers, and their Authors. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such Papers: And if by accident thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I should certainly never be the Reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country house, I have often wish'd it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a christian to wish I shou'd have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother

(at

(at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and correspondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family, that become a friend: There is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can rebound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, tho' not so much as I wou'd be in testimonies or writings,

Yours, &c.

To Mr JERVAS.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead. I thank God her death was as easy, as her life

life was innocent ; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh , there is yet upon her countenance such an expreffion of Tranquillity, nay almost of pleasure, that far from horrid, it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew ; and it wou'd be the greatest obligation which even That obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend, if you cou'd come and sketch it for me, I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this : and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to morrow morning as early, before this Winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to morrow night. I know you love me, or I cou'd not have written this ----- I could not (at this time) have written at all. ----- Adieu ! May you dye as happily !

Your, &c.

*To ***** †.*

Sept. 7. 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me : every part of this Wood puts into my mind poor Mr Gay with whom I past once a great deal of pleasant

† From Lord BATHURST's Seat.

stant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place: the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twitnam, whenever I pass near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs G. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a Wit: besides, my eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the cause of it) I'll put 'em out for no body but a friend: and I protest it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the goings out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt, speeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: The rest I believe I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down-hill; and one almost wishes the journey's

250 LETTERS to SEVERAL PERSONS.

journey's end, provided we were sure but to lye down easy whenever the night shall overtake us.

I dreamed all last night of ——— she has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits : I saw a very deserving Gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune ; and (with all his good breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another who I believe could promise and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister ; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, he thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold : I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for your self, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you) you must determine : but reflect, that the first wou'd make me, as well as your self, happier ; the latter could only make you so.

ADIEU.

PARODIE on the Imitation of the Second
Epistle of the Second Book of HORACE.

PLeasingly, Sir, you *Horace* still pursue;
And I as pleasingly still follow you.
Dear Mr *Pope* your Own, not Country's Friend,
You rapture us with ev'ry Verse you send;
But turn your *Frenchman* and his *Boy* adrift,
And with one Shirt let Man and Master shift;
Let 'em at *Blois* their Services record,
Such Raggamuffins ill besit a Lord.
The Town still judge you in a proper light,
Whether Lampoons or Letters you indite;
Sober Advice from *Horace* you have giv'n,
Yet disavow it in the face of Heav'n.
To this and other Points your quite excentric,
Till you put in the Claim, then All's Authentic.
The Case being stated thus 'twixt you, and I,
You've here the Instance, now let me apply.
Two Years ago, by Jesuitic-Arts,
I was, poor Culprit, Game for Men of Parts;
But whether I have been the Hunt or not,
I'll frankly leave to *Wilcox* and to *Motte*,
Your New Associates, Brothers of the Quill,
Who push'd the Fate of your Depending Bill,
The One was Typographically bred,
T'other to any Craft can turn his Head.
But what have *Tonson*, *Lintot*, *Lawton* *, done,
That you to *Brindley*, *Corbet*, *Dodsley* run?
'Tis kind indeed a Liv'ry Muse to aid,
Who scribbles Farces to augment his Trade.
Where *You* and *Spence* †, and *Glover* drive the Nail
The Devil's in it if the Plot should fail.
From you to ask a Verse can be no Crime,
The only thing you're good for is to Rime.
The Story you of *Anna's* Days have told,
Of a Pot-Valiant Soldier poor and old.

The

* *Gilliver*. † *Stephen Duck's* Biographer, and Editor of
Gorb.duc.

May serve at *Chelsea-College* for Chit-Chat,
 Each Invalid there knows what you'd be at.
 And if such pretty Stories you'll rehearse,
 A Jest-book will sell very well in Verse.
 It was for *Lintot's* Gold that you begun
 To rime from *Greek* the wrath of *Peleus' Son*.
 Rest to your Father's Soul : who from a Lad,
 Taught you the Art to know the Good from Bad.
 All Laws by Those who smart are thought unjust,
 Thieves only swing poor Souls for Breach of Trust.
 The Pious hopes of Papists still will fail,
 Whilst *Brinswick* Rules and *Hardwick* holds the Scale,
 Thro' Life you may enjoy true Peace of Mind,
 Poet's-Convict, are neither Tax'd nor Fin'd.
 With what your Muse brings in *per Annum* clear,
 No Prince or Peer alive, will interfere.
 Repose, or scribble, be assur'd that Time,
 Will part ev'n you and me, and snatch your Rime.
 And ev'ry Wheel of the Satyric Mill
 That turns your daily Libels must stand still.
 You never can Relapse, for want of Grace,
 Is stamp'd upon your Soul where'er the Place.
 Before the Lords whene'er your Cause comes on,
 If Pop'ry be the Theme you'll be undone.
 And much you'll suffer, if you don't in Bounds,
 Keep in your spleenetic, ill-manner'd Sounds.
 Let me with *Arbuthnot* your Friend advise,
 Study to mend Mankind but not chastise,
 Much you can flatter when the Whim does bite,
 This All your Patrons know to whom you write.
 This Maxim's true, all Mankind will reject,
 Malevolence, not treat it with respect.
 There liv'd in *primo Georgij* they record,
 Sev'ral Large-Paper-Dupes, and each a Lord ;
 Who in the Senate-House, and in their own,
 Thought you an *Homer*, *Milton* but a Drone.
 Howe'er 'tis granted that in bounds to roll,
 You can make Thoughts, keep Measure with the Soul.
 Thus, for your Sake Sir, I have play'd the Fool,
 As Boys make random Verses when at School,
 And when you offer any thing that's New
 Wagging must be my Quill, and so Adieu.

E. C U R L L.

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IN the LETTERS between Mr Pope and Mr Wycherley, are Omitted, 14

Mr Walsh's Letter to Mr Wycherley, Omitted.

LETTERS between Mr Pope and Mr Cromwell, Omitted, 22

LETTERS to several Ladies, Omitted 9

---- to the Duchess of Bucks, Omitted,

Mr Pope to Mr Dennis, Omitted,

LETTERS to Mr Jervas. ---- Omitted, 4

Mr Pope to Mr Blount, Omitted,

Secretary Craggs to Mr Pope, from Paris Sept. 2, 1716, Omitted,

Dean Berkeley to Mr Pope from Leghorn, May 1, 1714, Omitted,

LETTERS of Dr Parrish, Omitted, 2

Mr Pope to Mr Gay, on the Epistle upon Taste, Omitted,

Extraets of Letters from Dean Berkeley, Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Gay, concerning Mr Tickell's translation of the first Book of Homer's ILIAD.

Mr Pope to Mr Robert Digby of Sept. 24, 1710, is now transferr'd to Dr Arbuthnot. As a Letter to

Mr Cromwell of Nov. 24, 1710, is to Mr Walsh.

Besides these, many considerable Paragraphs are omitted in the Letters which remain; others, are interpolated, and upon the whole, this Guinea Edition is so far from being an Authentic one, that it is only a Select Collection of Mr Pope's Letters, more old Letters being omitted, than there New ones added.

To render the French disputes about translating Homer, more perfect, we have subjoin'd thereto Madam Dacier's Reflections on Mr Pope's Preface to the ILIAD.

We have likewise Illustrated several of these New Letters with NOTES, and filled up many of the Blanks, by way of Clavis, for the Reader's better Information.

N. B. Whoever will be pleas'd to peruse the WORKS of Mr Richard Crasshaw (printed 1670) will find that Mr Pope has gathered himself a very fragrant Nosegay out of his Poetical Garden. This Gentleman, Son of the Reverend Mr William Crasshaw, was a Charter-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Charter - House Scholar, first entered of *Pembroke-Hall*, and afterwards became Fellow of *St Peter's College* in the University of *Cambridge*. But, being depriv'd of his Fellowship, for refusing the *Covenant*, he was reduc'd to great Straits, and by Catholic Artifices perverted to the Church of *Rome*, not *Converted*, but rather as Mr *Pope* says, *Outwitted* *. Mr *Cowley* finding Mr *Crashaw* at *Paris*, 1646, not only most generously reliev'd him, but likewise procur'd him commendatory Letters to *Henrietta Maria* Queen of *England*, then in those Parts, and some farther Relief.

He thence proceeded to *Italy*, became Secretary to a Cardinal at *Rome*, and at length one of the Canons of the rich Church of *our LADY of LORETTO*, in which function he died and was there buried, 1650. He was a Person of strict Piety, and an eminent Linguist in the *Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish* and *Italian* Tongues. Beside his *English*, he has a small volume of *Latin* Poems extant, printed at *Cambridge*

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Richardi Crashawi Poëmata & Epigrammata, Quae Scripsit Latina & Græca.

The Character given by Mr *Pope* of this Author's writings may be seen in one of his Letters to Mr *Cromwell*; wherein, among other particulars he allows that he form'd himself upon *Petrarch*, or rather upon *Marino*; and that his Numbers are soft, musical and sweet.

In a Word, by Reading some Translations, from *Remond* and *Barclay*, of Mr *Crashaw*, you will find many of the Beauties which have been so justly admir'd in Mr *Pope*.

The Honour Mr *Pope* has done our Author, was a sufficient Motive for my Perusal of his Works, which I have carefully gone thro' with great Pleasure; or if the Judges are Admirers of Wit and Learning, will give any suitable Encouragement, I will print a New Edition of Mr *Crashaw's* Poems.

E. CURLL.

Rose Street,
June 8, 1737.
Die Nat. A. POPÆ,
Ætat. 49.

* See his Letter to Bishop Atterbury.

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N. B. A Fourth Volume of Mr. *Pope's* *LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE* is in the Press. Those Gentlemen who have any Original Letters, may have them inserted, if communicated by Christmas next.

Dec. 1. 1735.

E. CURLL.

Wood
The Printer letter does include the letter page. The
Address. And as required a second sheet of two pages
which is marked a

The Address contains the par^l referring to former
manipulations etc of Wycheley letters.

The Wycheley letters begin p1 Letter B on a
sheet of sixteen pages, the pagination is
correct. The sheet - the 16 pages - must have been
reprinted, as it was impossible to alter the
pagination of the sheets introduced from edith
1729. The Printer has followed edith very exactly,
in letter of June 27/1705.

I believe these sixteen pages to be the only reprint
in the vol. - Since the p16 is followed by p11
Letter C. & follows Knight, now, falls to p1200
which concludes without Rivers death cata-
word "Letter."

~~Vol 2 begins with beftard letter A
with sheets of eight pages up to p113 letter
P which is a single leaf (2 pages p113, 114)
followed by p115 & another letter P of sixteen
pages & with sixteen pages to p194 which~~

Vol 2 agrees exactly with Knight.
which see.

former

Reader

The Printer's letter does not include title page
& the address is marked A whereas no
half sheet marked a

The address has the title at Wycher Post London W

The Wycherley letter begins p 1 Letter B on which
of sixteen pages & continues on 16 pages to end
of volume which concludes "The end of the first
volume". The pagination is 16 lines correct
to p 200 which it jumps to 201.

M2 Begins with bastard title lettered A on
sheet of sixteen pages (but 13 addnl are not
lettered - neither a C F on H 4)
The sheet beginning p 33 lettered C, the next
beginning p 49 is lettered G.
The sheets are all of sixteen pages up to end
of R p 112 but p 113 Letter *P is a single sheet
(2 pages 113, 114) which is followed by letter P
of sixteen pages, & 10 of sixteen pages up to
p 144 Letter T which is followed by the Guy
group which begins p 199 (should be
197) & letter R though the last sheet was
letter T.

note P22 The note refers to "2 Vol. 12 ver." See same
difference in 12th "Copy of the letter" "12 ver" in
"Copy of the letter" (p. 175) and "12 ver" in
Copy for the letter.

^{Knights}
The Printers Letter does not include the
title-page.
'The Drop' is marked A.

As Croll when before the Lords had never seen
the title-page & address, he & Roberts (if the same)
must have printed, so far, for themselves, & nothing
can be inferred from differences.

The Wycheley Letter begins P1 with Letter *B (four pages) -

then followed by P ~~113~~ 3 B (eight pages)

then by p 11 *C (four pages)

then by another 11. C (eight pages)

then by p 19 D (eight pages)

Two or more sheets of eight pages, to the end of
the volume p 200 which concludes without
Finis with catch-word 'Letter'

The letter K 2 is omitted

Vol 2 - Begins with hatched title letter A
sheets of eight pages up to P 113 letter P
which is a single leaf (2 pages pp 113, 114)

then followed by P 115 & another letter P of sixteen
pages, two with sixteen pages to p 194 which
begins Gay groups with new pagination
then letter p 117 letter 2 and all sheets
of eight pages, to the end from 2 to 4
or from p 117 to 164, ending with Finis.

note p 22 the note refers to 2 Vol 12

note the sheets in sixteen pages from P 115 P
(the second P) to 194 include the former
Ogby & Malone letters.

and
me)
my

^{Roberts}
The Winter Letter does include the title-page
which therefore required a second
sheet of two pages, which is marked a.

The second part in the above, referring to a
former "supposititious" ed. of *Mychudley*. Bodleian
book is omitted, and said is in Curll's ed.

V.1 - Agrees with the Knight Copy in every particular.

Vol 2 Agrees with Knight up to P 113 Letter P
which is a sheet of four pages (I meanfully
note because it includes the Tremble Epitaph) &
p 115 it ends with *Pieris*. This is followed
by the Gay group, which exactly agrees
with the Knight up to 154 when it ends
without *Pieris* (ends as the Knight, Wood
Revised copies end at p 154 ^{and} they are without
note *Pieris*, as they are continued.

note. After p 115 P (the second P) then follows in
Knight the *Jersey* by *W. Gould* letters, all
wanting in the *horeload* delivered at Curll -
note 2. The Gay group stopped at 154, because
the remaining sheet contained in a note the
reference to the *bebe* of *Chandos*.